

# PEARSON'S

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY  
FRANK HARRIS.



GERMAN  
REPARATIONS  
BY

JUNE  
1921

G. BERNARD SHAW.  
&  
SHORT STORIES.

25  
CENTS



# THE FRANK HARRIS BROTHERHOOD

---

## Privileges and Conditions of Membership

---

### Object

1. It is the object of this band to further the idea of the Brotherhood of Man throughout the world. Members of the Frank Harris Brotherhood are opposed to war and strife of all kinds and wish to encourage better relations between the peoples of all countries, besides fostering art, literature and all the nobler phases of life.

2. To promote these principles through Pearson's Magazine and provide the necessary resources to carry on this work and place the magazine on a sound financial basis.

3. To leave Frank Harris to do his best work, and at the same time to continue his efforts to expose falsehood, graft and intolerance and to promote love of Truth and Beauty and the idea of the Brotherhood of Man.

### Conditions

Adherence to the principles and policy of the Frank Harris Brotherhood.

### Fees

One dollar entrance fee and one dollar per month.

### Rights

1. Set of Short Stories by Frank Harris (7 booklets).

Admission to lectures at half the actual price.

3. One of each of the following books by Frank Harris sent each month, commencing the third month after date of enrollment:

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| The Bomb .....                             | \$2.50 |
| Contemporary Portraits, Second Series .... | 3.50   |
| Elder Conklin .....                        | 2.50   |
| First Volume, "Life of Oscar Wilde" .....  | 2.50   |
| Second Volume, "Life of Oscar Wilde" ....  | 2.50   |
| The Women of Shakespeare .....             | 3.50   |

4. The right to purchase the balance of Frank Harris' Books, nine volumes in all at 40% less than the usual price, as soon as they are available.

**FRANK HARRIS BROTHERHOOD**  
**57 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

I hereby affirm my adherence to the principles of the Frank Harris Brotherhood and apply for membership card.

I enclose \$2, representing entrance fee and first month's subscription, and undertake to subscribe one dollar a month hereafter on the understanding that I am to receive the books and the other rights enumerated.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....



# PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

Published Monthly by PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, INC., 57 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FRANK HARRIS, Editor and Publisher

KIRSTEEN CONNING, Secretary

VOL. 46

JUNE, 1921

No. 12

**TERMS:** \$2.50 per year. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. By the copy, 25 cents. Back numbers, not over three months old, 20 cents. New subscriptions are filled from current issue and should reach subscriber in two weeks. All subscriptions are discontinued on date of expiration. Change of address should be old as well as new address. PEARSON'S is on sale in all cities about the first of each month. Our method of distribution to the newsstands does not include the small towns unless copies are ordered in advance from your dealer. Entered as second-class matter March 27, 1899, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Permission to republish articles will be granted in special cases on request. Copyright, 1920. By Pearson's Magazine (Inc.).

## TABLE OF CONTENTS



|                                                                                             |     |                                                              |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>A Touching and True Story</i> .....                                                      | 441 | <i>Do I Believe in Judges?</i> —By John Nicholas Bessel..... | 454 |
| <i>Two Good Men</i> .....                                                                   | 441 | <i>Who Conquers Fate</i> —By Captain Paul V. Collins.....    | 456 |
| <i>Faint Gleams of Hope</i> .....                                                           | 442 | <i>The Lover (Poem)</i> —By Elsa Gidlow.....                 | 463 |
| <i>The Soul of Ireland</i> .....                                                            | 443 | <i>New York Theatres</i> —By G. B. and William Archer.....   | 464 |
| <i>The War Indemnities</i> —By George Bernard Shaw.....                                     | 444 | <i>The Ring</i> —By Frank Harris.....                        | 466 |
| <i>The Frank Harris Brotherhood: Its Aims and Purposes</i> —<br>By A. Buckland Plummer..... | 445 | <i>Clay (Poem)</i> —By Edgar Daniel Kramer.....              | 471 |
| <i>Retrospection (Poem)</i> —By Robert Cary.....                                            | 445 | <i>Pagan Chant (Poem)</i> —By Joseph Freeman.....            | 471 |
| <i>A Story of President Grant: Democracy and Progress</i> —<br>By Frank Harris.....         | 446 | <i>British Army Leaders: Haig and Kitchener</i> .....        | 472 |
| <i>A Candidate for Immortality</i> —By Herman George<br>Scheffauer.....                     | 447 | <i>The Last Inhabitant</i> —By Hesketh Pearson.....          | 473 |
| <i>Masterpieces (Poem)</i> —By Norine Wintrouwe.....                                        | 452 | <i>Wit and Wisdom</i> .....                                  | 475 |
| <i>A London Letter</i> —By H. P.....                                                        | 453 | <i>The Story of a Lecture Tour</i> .....                     | 477 |
|                                                                                             |     | <i>Books</i> .....                                           | 478 |
|                                                                                             |     | <i>Through the Editor's Eyes</i> .....                       | 482 |
|                                                                                             |     | <i>Letters to the Editor</i> .....                           | 484 |

## A Touching and True Story

ONE of my first friends in America was Mrs. Champ Clark, the wife of the Speaker. When Debs was sentenced two years ago I begged her to get a committee of ladies and ask President Wilson for an immediate pardon. With the wonderful courage of womanhood Mrs. Champ Clark immediately undertook to do her best. She felt about Debs as I did and took delight in his sweet humanity.

President Wilson received the deputation and regretted that he could not act in the matter.

Mrs. Champ Clark I know was determined to try again with President Harding, but, alas, her husband fell ill and in spite of all her care, died. President Harding thereupon called on her, assured her of his high esteem for her husband and begged her to believe that anything he could do to console her or lighten the burden of her loss he would willingly do.

Broken-hearted almost, for the "Boss," her husband, had been the chief stay of her life, Mrs. Champ Clark was still able to think of others. She looked up at the President and said: "You can do one thing, and that is, give amnesty and free Debs."

Surprised and touched, President Harding assured her that he would think it over and consider the whole matter as carefully as possible and he hoped he might be able to do what she wished.

Mrs. Champ Clark said that she felt sure he would really do his best.

To me this is a story worth recording of a woman's high unselfishness.

## Two Good Men.

TWO announcements in the newspapers recently were joy-inspiring and filled me with hope. Governor Miller appears to be dropping his attempt to boost fares beyond the five-cent limit, thanks of course chiefly to the determined and inveterate opposition of Mayor Hylan.

I don't believe anyone will accuse me of praising unduly either Democrats or Republicans; but I've watched Mayor Hylan pretty closely since his election and I must say that he has done better than I ever expected. Time and again he has stood for the best interests of the ordinary people in this the richest city in the world, and that requires some vision and more courage.

Before his appointment I thought little of Will Hays: a young Sunday School teacher from the Middle West did not inspire me with any confidence. But he is working his department with common-sense, refusing to retire efficient workers at the age-limit, thus evidently seeking to reward ability.

I feared too that he would get rid of Postmaster Patten and appoint some office-seeking Republican to the most important place in the whole service; but no! he continues Patten in his job, has discovered our postmaster's extraordinary ability and is not afraid of it. That alters my opinion of Hays. And why should I be ashamed to change, or reluctant: I'm glad to find that Hays, like Hughes, is doing better than I had imagined likely or even possible.



# Faint Gleams of Hope

*The late W. James writing to Wells: "Callousness to abstract justice is THE sinister feature and, to me as well as to you, the incomprehensible feature, of our U. S. civilization."*

**M**OVED either by President Harding or by his own initiative, Attorney-General Daugherty is to be praised for seeing Debs and more than praised for treating him like a great man as he is and letting him leave his prison without any parole, to go to Washington and return. This adds another fine tradition to the record of American administration of justice so sadly soiled and debased by Palmer and Gregory.

Such an act gives one hope.

The second gleam of hope comes from the fact that President Harding was not afraid to ask the American people to give freely to Ireland—a recommendation which will have weight in England and especially with Mr. Lloyd George. The Reign of Terror inaugurated in Ireland by Hamar Greenwood has resulted in the impoverishment of a great many people. Over a hundred thousand Irish are in dire need, thanks to the burning of creameries and houses by the armed guardians of law and order. Of the fifty-odd millions of pounds raised in Ireland by British taxes in the last year, under thirty millions were expended in Ireland; rich Britain plundered her poorer sister country to the tune of twenty millions of pounds in the year.

Lloyd George says he will never yield to the demand for an Irish Republic because there are numerous reasons why he must not—sure, twenty million reasons!

There is still another good thing to be said of President Harding.

A delegation of women representing the World Disarmament Committee called upon him to tell of their dream of universal peace and to express their hope that he would not allow the relations between Japan and the United States to be worsened by "Yapping."

President Harding assured the ladies that "his administration would take steps to bring about world disarmament, but peace with Germany must come first."

Those who have watched his work closely, believe that President Harding is resolved to do his best. One can even go further and say that the members of his Cabinet have shown equally high purpose; in especial Secretary Hughes has won golden opinions by his prompt, positive, clear-sighted resolutions in regard to international affairs.

Even Will Hays has shown himself a far better Postmaster-General than Burleson who was a singular combination of cad and crook.

But neither the Cabinet nor the President has been tested very high as yet. There are two main issues before them. They will be judged by the way they decide the railroad question and the question of amnesty, about which there is just as little doubt in America as there is in Europe.

Then there is their attitude towards Germany and the reparation demands made by France and the occupation of large tracts of Germany by French and English troops backed by American troops.

In spite of the technical state of war existing between this country and Germany, the German government has begged President Harding to act as mediator and decide upon the amount of reparation that would be just. President Harding refused to do this but said he would submit any reasonable proposals of the German government to the Allies.

And this consent to act as umpire has had the best possible effect in restraining French bullying.

The French demand that Germany should hand over the last ounce of gold it possesses, is an outrage, for France has not even yet paid the interest on her debt to America or to Great Britain, yet she would have the last dollar of gold out of Germany—the sort of small change a nation keeps in its national bank pocket, not amounting in all to more than a hundred million dollars.

That that is very bad policy is the opinion of all the liberal press in Great Britain. Here is the way one really good newspaper in London describes it:

"This 'new' war on Germany is a war made by politicians—politicians who have no policy, but only a mass of muddled feelings. In the muddle there are three main motives which can be distinguished—fear, loyalty and hatred, and at the back of all lies the gigantic obsession that clouds the French mind, that by punching the German hard enough we can make him disgorge. And so our dictator-politicians, and the timorous flocks who follow them, have committed us to this ruinous folly."

More and more the best minds in Great Britain as in Italy are turning towards America as to the last hope.

Everyone in Europe who can think sees that if America would forgive the debts of the European nations, all debts might be cancelled, disarmament brought about at once and the whole world move forward confidently to a great, generous and enduring peace.

President Wilson had an opportunity to play savior, but so has President Harding. Will President Harding fail lamentably as Wilson failed, or will he and Mr. Secretary Hughes make their names forever memorable by taking the high way? Nobody can say, but yet—

*"We faintly trust the larger hope."*



# The Soul of Ireland

**I** WAS overjoyed when I received George Russell's article on Ireland and was able to publish it in the last number of Pearson's; overjoyed because for the first time someone had written about Ireland what has always seemed to me the truth, that Ireland was a nation, and had an individual soul which was still seeking to express itself, a soul too that was charming and complex, different from that of all other nations, and in some respects higher.

This is the chief reason why I have always felt that the dispute with England is far deeper than most Englishmen imagine, and not to be solved by some partial measure of Home Rule. If it is once conceded that Ireland has an individual soul she must be entitled to develop it in her own way and sooner or later, all the rights of freedom, free speech and free growth, will be accorded to her.

Let me tell quite simply how I came to realize this soul of Ireland, this individual striving towards the light.

I was born and bred in Ireland of Welsh parentage.

My father retired from the British Navy when I was about twelve and he was horrified to find that I was already a "little Fenian." Accordingly he packed me off to England to school to cure me.

In England for the first time I became conscious of the difference between the Irish and English, and vastly preferred the Irish. Let me try to rationalize my half-instinctive feelings.

In the Royal School at Armagh—my Irish school—there were hardly any punishments. My worst sin was talking and the master used to reprove me time and again. In the English school every infringement of rule had its punishment. The fagging in Ireland, too, was only fun; any of the younger boys could get out of it by "begging off" but in England fagging turned play hours into punishment.

Above all, one heard from servants in Ireland strange stories of the little people who dance round thorn trees and make faint circles on the grass and of the banshees who shriek strange warnings at midnight; dramatic stories too of giants, and singers, of wild risk and desperate adventures. But in England there was nothing of all this. Fairyland did not exist:

*The fair humanities of old religions*

were conspicuous by their absence. In Ireland, the dividing curtain, so to speak, the shadow-wall between this natural world and the spiritual world of our imagining, was everywhere pierced through and broken by gleams of light from old traditions and stories universally believed. In England there was no spirit world at all except that you had to put on gloves and dress in

your best and go to church on Sunday like a tailor's dummy.

The teller of stories in an Irish school was hailed on all sides with delight, encouraged in his accomplishment by a thousand eager faces. In England if you began a story at night in the dormitory someone was sure to ask you to shut up because he wanted to sleep.

But the deepest impression of all was that in Ireland the whole atmosphere was kindly and sweet and imaginative and in England it was combative, sordid and brutal.

If two boys quarrelled in an Irish school they would probably start to fight, but the first older boy who came along after watching the fight for a few minutes would say: "Stop that: A is stronger and older than you are: You, A, have no right to strike a boy not your own size. Don't you know that fighting is no good. Shake hands and be friends; that's the best way to settle it."

But in England if two young boys started to fight the older boys staged the thing like a prizefight in a far corner of the playing field, and the whole school assembled to hound both boys on and make 'em prove who was the stronger; the fight was continued to the bitter end; even the masters looked on from a distance. It was a sort of gladiatorial contest with the whole paraphernalia of sponges, water, seconds and all the rest of it and cruelty as the presiding genius.

Soon, too, I began to see that the favored boys in the English school were always the richer boys or the sons of people of position, whereas in Ireland such distinctions were not noticeable. In three months I was homesick for Ireland. When the boys called me "Pat," I used to hit back and was never tired of saying that Pat was better than John Bull, and that belief I hold to this day.

I was homesick for the kindness, for the affection, for the fairy tales, for the drama of Ireland. I came to love Ireland as a charming woman soul, full of superstition if you will, but alive to all finer, higher impulses, all the sweet humanities. And England by contrast always seemed to me as a sort of prizefighting, self-interested snob who wanted to grab what did not belong to him and stick to it by force or fraud.

That is why ever since I saw "John Bull's Other Island," I have thought of Shaw as an Englishman, for good as the play is, and it is very able, he sees nothing at all of the soul of Ireland. That for the first time I found portrayed in George Russell's paper.

Of course my boyish dislike of England was exaggerated and there is another side to England, a chivalrous and honorable side, enskied by beauty and sainted by noble deeds, a side realized in her lyric poetry, the finest in the world's literature. But still—



# The War Indemnities!

By George Bernard Shaw.

**H**OW it would clarify the question of the so-called indemnities if the parties would only call things by their right names! Indemnity for war is flat nonsense; you cannot shoot a man and unshoot him again by treaty afterwards. Even Mr. Lloyd George sees that, and seizes the opportunity to make a magnanimous gesture of foregoing what he knows he cannot get. War is a game in which the stakes are plunder and conquest. Germany lost, and the winners now proceed to take what they can get, and that will not be indemnity or reparation or any such nonsense, but booty pure and simple.

But the simpler the language, the more apparent becomes the complexity of the fact. For example, the Germans admit that they must pay something, and they accordingly propose to pay England in coal. Hereupon ensues something like the following:

LLOYD GEORGE: Coal! Good God, no. Not a sack, not a lump. What are you dreaming of? You would throw our coal miners out of employment.

THE GERMAN: Well, will you take it in steel?

LLOYD GEORGE: Worse and worse. No country in Europe shall produce steel but England if I can help it. Steel indeed! Don't you dare to trifle with me. Your attempts to avert payment are too transparent. (*Aside to Marshal Foch*) Rattle your sabre a bit, will you, my dear Marshal. (*Foch does so.*)

THE GERMANS: Well, what on earth are we to pay in? You know we cannot pay in gold.

LLOYD GEORGE (*aside to Foch*): What are they to pay in, Marshal?

FOCH (*aside to Expert*): What are they to pay in, *mon cher*?

EXPERT (*aside to Foch*): Potash.

FOCH (*aside to Lloyd George*): Potash.

LLOYD GEORGE (*aloud, menacingly, to the Germans*): You know as well as I do. You shall pay in potash.

THE GERMANS: But, *Donnerwetter*, there is not five thousand millions' worth of potash in the world.

LLOYD GEORGE: Come, come! No prevarication. There are other products: for example, perlmutter. So let me have no more nonsense.

DR. SIMONS: *Bloedsinn!*

LLOYD GEORGE (*blushing*): Oh! Nice language that! Can no German ever be a gentleman? Fie for shame, sir!

DR. SIMONS: You really must propose something practicable.

LLOYD GEORGE: Must I? Pray, who won the war: you or we? "Must," as Queen Elizabeth said, is not a

word that is addressed to British Prime Ministers. However, how would it be if you were to raise a loan to pay England?

DR. SIMONS: Raise it where?

LLOYD GEORGE: In America. They have lots of money there. Or in France.

FOCH: *Comment!!!*

LLOYD GEORGE: An excellent investment for your peasant proprietors, my dear Marshal. Think of how well they did out of the 1871 indemnity.

FOCH: But why should your own people, our brave allies, be deprived of such an opening for their little savings? After all, it doesn't matter to you where the money comes from, does it. Money is money. *Non olet.*

LLOYD GEORGE: My French is shockingly bad. What does *nong olay* mean?

FOCH: It means that all money smells alike.

LLOYD GEORGE: True; but how—?

FOCH: You see, *mon cher Loi Georges*, if this German *farceur* can arrange to make the proletariat pay, does it matter greatly which proletariat it is? Yours, or ours, or theirs, or the American canaille: what does it matter?

LLOYD GEORGE: *Non olet*, eh?

FOCH: Well, not exactly *non olet*. But they all smell alike.

LLOYD GEORGE (*sternly, to Dr. Simons*): I have consulted with my illustrious friend and ally Marshal Foch. We are agreed that you can find the money if you choose. If a satisfactory proposal to that effect does not reach us by the middle of next week, we shall occupy every city on the Rhine.

DR. SIMONS: And what then?

LLOYD GEORGE: What then! You shall see what then? None of your insolence with me, if you please. What then, indeed!!

DR. SIMONS: The money your troops will spend will be very useful to us.

LLOYD GEORGE: Fifty per cent on every one of your exports for that speech, young man.

DR. SIMONS: Ah, well! The consumer will pay.

FOCH: What does he say? What is that word?

LLOYD GEORGE: Consumer. *Le consommateur*, you know. *Le shallong.*

FOCH (*with military pith and brevity*): *Je m'en fous.*

**Curtain.**

This is the kind of thing that we are being landed in by diplomatists and soldiers who know nothing, pushed



from behind by commercial adventurers, who do not know the A. B. C. of finance, but who, having got noses for money, may be depended on to sniff their way to a solution which will mean that the workers will have to support an additional burden of idleness and waste all the world over. And it is quite likely that the victors

will bear the heavier share. As to asking America or any other country to trade in German promissory notes payable forty-two years after date, I will only quote what a Belgian historian and diplomatist has just written to me: "I believe that ten years hence Germany and Russia will be masters of Europe."

# The Frank Harris Brotherhood--Its Aims and Purposes

By A. Buckland Plummer.

**A**LL of you know Frank Harris by repute, some of you, like myself, personally and intimately. Only a comparative few, however, appear fully to appreciate his value as a champion of unpopular but just causes, and his true worth and standing as a man of letters.

You know how he has always advocated help for the oppressed and afflicted; how, as Bernard Shaw says, pity is such a sacred impulse with him that he only fights for the underdog: in India, in Egypt, in Ireland against the dominant English; in the Southern States for the Negro; in the North and West for the working man; even for the Germans when their own newspapers were bragging about being 100 per cent. American—no just cause but he espoused—no weak cause but he championed.

But he has not waged these battles without sustaining serious, grave injuries. Wilson tyranny destroyed forty-odd out of fifty independent papers in these States; Pearson's was continually persecuted and held up in the mails, involving the loss of thousands of dollars a month; national advertisers have boycotted the magazine; Frank Harris has been lied about, calumniated, villified and misrepresented at every turn.

And so, driven almost to desperation, from time to time he has been forced to appeal to you, his readers, for help.

It is with the idea of putting an end to these appeals once and for all and establishing Pearson's and its editor on a sound basis, that I am going to ask you to link up with the band who have formed the Frank Harris Brotherhood to carry on the great fight for liberty and liberalism in all things.

For my part, I have joined Frank Harris, at his request, as business associate to help him in his work. I know America and know the great heart of our people is fundamentally sound and the majority generous to a fault.

But their time has been so taken up in great pioneering enterprises that they have neglected or forgotten their artists, teachers and sages, and so they have earned

the reputation of having no soul above dollar chasing.

Think of Edgar Allen Poe struggling against starvation and illness to produce immortal verse, or Walt Whitman without a clean shirt to his back.

Surely there are a sufficient number of people in this country to join this Brotherhood and enable Frank Harris to do his best work, which he says is yet to be done, and so save him from the fate of the Poes and Whitmans!

Turn to the page where the conditions of membership in the Frank Harris Brotherhood are announced and you will see you are asked to give little and will receive much.

If a thousand of you will enroll at once, we can produce a magazine better than has yet appeared in the world; we can give you literature and disseminate knowledge that will foster an ever-growing student class in this country; that will cleanse it of the odor of commercialism; we can carry on the fight for the right with renewed vigor and laugh at the boycott of the "interests" and the calumny of their servings.

Let your heart judge—JOIN UP AT ONCE.

## Retrospection.

I stand with Time upon the planet's brink,  
While Fancy unwinds her films—a flashing spool:  
Boyhood is marbling near the old red school,  
And in the marshes the happy bobolink  
Sings to the reeds, pausing to dine and drink;  
Young April's voice is crying "April fool";  
Bright is the cowslip's gold, and boggy-cool  
The Pasque-flowers wet with glorious sun-gems wink;

Falls night, the hour of Youth, and love-in-shadows;  
What heart alive but breathes the lover's tale?  
Soft winds are whispering to the tender willows,  
And when from England's shores sweet thoughts  
prevail

I hear again what to his Nightingale  
Sang Adonais through the Kilbourne meadows!

Robert Cary.



# A Story of President Grant! Democracy and Progress

By Frank Harris.

**I** AM often blamed for criticizing modern American methods of government especially in its relation to liberty and economics.

The truth is I am continually comparing the Americanism of my boyhood in Kansas and the Middle West with the Americanism I see in New York today. Freedom has gone by the board when it was most needed. The herd feeling of a hundred millions of people is certain to be ten times as strong as the herd feeling of thirty millions, and the herd feeling in America today is so prodigious that individual liberty and individual freedom should have been defended by way of counterpoise by everyone who can think and who has the good of America at heart.

But during the war no one dared to speak for freedom either of speech or thought, and years after the armistice German opera was tabooed by American militarism.

The old American feeling for equality and humanity has also become conspicuous by its absence. Jail sentences used to be lighter here than in Europe; they are now far severer, while the prisons are more insanitary and the discipline of them more tyrannical.

The President too has become a despot and with more power than any despot has to take a despot's precautions.

Let me tell a little story to show the difference between the America of forty years ago and the America of today.

When I was a student in Lawrence, Kansas, there was a wastrel in the town who pretended to have been a pal of Ulysses Grant, the President. This wastrel was always hanging round the bar of the Eldridge House or some other saloon and if he had ever met you in any company always called you afterwards by your Christian name and proposed a drink. His tippie was what he called port wine, a most awful concoction of sugar, logwood and raw alcohol that had no more relation to Oporto than the wastrel had to civilization.

I have forgotten his name but we youths were more or less interested in him and his stories. He told us how President Grant in his youth used to drink a great deal more than was good for him. We often wondered whether he was telling the truth or merely inventing.

Suddenly it was announced that President Grant was coming to Lawrence. He was to dine at the Eldridge House on a certain day accompanied by the Governor and two or three Senators and the Mayor of the town.

We boys thought our time had come, so we got the old wastrel, primed him up with a drink or two of his port

wine and took him to the Eldridge House five minutes before the President was expected to arrive.

In due course the President's carriage drew up at the entrance. The Governor got out, helped the President out, and the Mayor and various other dignitaries brought up the rear. Just as Grant got to the door of the hotel in the full glare of the light, we pushed the old wastrel forward in front of him, and he stood with a deprecating smile, holding out his hand, saying, "Ulysses, Ulysses."

Grant's grim face did not relax. He looked at the human wreck with sharp, little gray-blue eyes, taking him all in, the dirty threadbare clothes, frayed trousers, shabby boots and hat—everything—but not a gleam of recognition.

The wastrel was ludicrous—pathetic. "You hain't fergot Hap," he said, grinning.

Suddenly Grant's hard face changed. "Are you So and So?" he said.

"Sure," quavered the wastrel, "sure. I knew you'd remember me."

"Of course I do," said the President, holding out his hand; "of course I do. Yet it is twenty or more years since I saw you. You must come in and dine."

The wastrel's face quivered like jelly and he looked down at his clothes and hands.

"What matter?" Grant went on heartily. "Come right in; these gentlemen will forgive your dress." And in they all went, to our amazement, the President and the drunken wastrel in the lead.

It was said afterwards that no one had ever heard Grant talk so much as at that dinner. He spoke on three or four different occasions to the wastrel—a thing unheard of. But when we boys turned away I remember it struck me that there was something noble in Grant's recognition and cordiality—something unthinkable almost to the European.

President Wilson would not have acknowledged his one-time friend, and if Harding had been induced to acknowledge him he would have taken good care to make his acknowledgement very condescending and he would not have taken him in to dinner.

I remember trying once to persuade Arthur Balfour, after telling him this incident, that this feeling of equality, this generosity, was the strong mortar that clamped the American people together with a grip firmer even than the Roman mortar which was stronger than the stone itself.



# A Candidate for Immortality

By Herman George Scheffauer.

**T**HE sum of lives, the sums of money, directly engulfed by the war, may be reckoned up tithe and tittle by the inevitable statistician. But for that which is more precious even than the lives which we whimper about as priceless, for the high talents and undeveloped genius swallowed up by Moloch, there is and can be no accounting given. We know that remarkable gifts were destroyed, that countless youths with the glow of glorious promise and achievement upon their brows went into the fiery furnace and did not return. The list is tragic and long, an eclipse of stars of many magnitudes.

It was among the unknown that the greatest genius slumbered. Now one of these unknown has re-arisen to confront us. He speaks through the work he has left behind him. A youth, annealed in the fires of an indubitable genius, presents his credentials for immortality. He reveals himself to us, forces from us a tribute of poignant regret. For all who are able to weigh the worth or work of the young, must recognize in this youth a genius of the first water—a mind preternaturally developed, a spirit magnificently equipped to speak creatively to the world. "One who would have been a second, perhaps a greater Goethe, has gone from us," ran the verdict in Germany. We have a mass of astonishing evidence to warrant even this appreciation.

Some of it has recently been published by the father and the friends of Otto Braun in a book entitled "*Ein Fruehvollendeter*" (Bruno Cassirer, Berlin)—"One Early Come to Fruition." It contains extracts from diaries and letters, as well as many poems. Not a line was intended for publication.

Otto Braun was the only child of Dr. Heinrich Braun, a Socialist member of the Reichstag and editor of "The Annals of Social-Politics and Law," and of Lily Braun, a distinguished German novelist. She was of aristocratic stock, born a von Kretschmann, the daughter of a well-known general. It is said that her family descends from Jerome Napoleon. Her most famous works are "The Memoirs of a Woman Socialist" and "In the Shadow of the Titans." Otto was born in Berlin on June 27, 1897.

The child attended school for only a brief time. Otto was provided with private tutors and with every advantage and influence his wise, gifted and highly-cultured parents considered fruitful or stimulating. They preserved him from all the narrowness of caste and creed. Creative reading, journeys to the Bavarian mountains, to the art cities of Italy, to the Mediterranean, to Paris, stimulating companionship and the full exercise of all

mental, spiritual and physical faculties—these were elements in the discipline he underwent.

When the boy was twelve, Prof. J. Petzoldt of Spandau, who has specialized for many years in the education of highly-gifted youth, petitioned the Prussian Board of Education for the privilege of release from some of his pedagogic duties in order to devote himself to the intensive education of Otto Braun. The petition was an impressive one, full of reverence and discriminate enthusiasm. It was supported by a strong recommendation by Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, the distinguished scientist, and accompanied by various proofs of the wonderful precociousness of the lad. But such things as Ariel-like genius did not fit into the Prussian scheme of things educational. Prof. Petzoldt received a curt and negative answer, expressing surprise at his audacious suggestions.

The term "infant prodigy" is not wide or deep enough to encompass the case of Otto Braun. The child of abnormal or supernormal ability—in music, in chess-playing, in play-acting, in mathematics—is known to all of us. These amazing gifts are subconscious, instinctive, mysteriously derivative or imitative. There is little productive or creative. As soon as the consciousness is switched from its one dazzling, concentrated trick or specialty, the mind of the prodigy reverts to that of the ordinary child. Only once in some long-drawn cycle, after the gestation of many generations of *Massenmenschen*, does Nature summon up energy enough to produce creative genius.

In the case of Otto Braun we have to deal with a mental phenomenon, gifted with faculties of a mature and lofty order; there is inspiration in this boy. His judgments are reinforced by a proud will to freedom from all imparted knowledge.

A true poet and thinker in a sailor-suit and Fauntleroy locks—the thought is grotesque, disconcerting, even painful. The normally mature mind is antagonized by this streak of the daemonic. It is compelled to revolt, to deny, by its own self-esteem, to seek some defense. Shall we who battle with the years as we crawl slowly towards our goals be overtaken in a day by Admirable Crichtons of children eagle-winged?

In 1910 Otto Braun's parents removed to Zehlendorf, one of the farther suburbs of Berlin, where the boy could dream under great oaks, amidst fields and flowers. His training was, however, by no means an exotic one. The healthy animal impulses of boyhood burst through the burden of intellect. He has heart-wracking love affairs with his flapper friends. He has quarrels and fist-fights

with his schoolmates, as we may see in the following passage from a letter written to his mother from the school at Wickersdorf when he was nine:

"Oh! I cannot tell you what unutterable, what tremendous joy possessed me! And why? Because for the first time I felt the blood of my ancestors well and bubble up in my veins, felt my fists clench ready to batter the skulls of my opponents. A most uplifting feeling! Well, I'll tell you all about it! W. this dog, this devil, this twenty-fold Voltaire in character, this embodiment of all intrigues . . ."

In his diary he records his desire to be "earthly, wholly earthly." Even at this age he sees his life, his work and his character before him as a building just begun but already adumbrated by the destiny he feels within him.

I am aware of the difficulty, the impossibility, of presenting an adequate idea of this remarkable intelligence by means of a few translated fragments in an article. Even his father and friends found the utmost difficulty in making a selection for a book out of the wealth of material at their disposal.

As gift books for his eleventh birthday he suggests the "Hyperion" of Holderlin, the "Poetics" of Aristotle, the Constitution of Athens, Theocritus, and the poems of Hafiz. The impulse to form individual judgments is visible from the very beginning. He has, for example, been playing at parade with his tin soldiers, then taken a walk along the lake, reading "Tristan und Isolde." "The wonderful tale of Rivalin and Blanche-flur is certainly a bit too sweetish, but it is like Giotto, a golden background for a sombre picture."

Deeply discontented at school, a great change comes over him. He writes his mother:

"A new religion is necessary; humanity thirsts for this, hungers for it, yet dares not give vent to its longing—out of cowardice. What does the world need most? Love!"

He flings off husk after husk of adolescence, emerges cleansed from his period of *Sturm und Drang*.

His intellectual penetration is whetted and polished like a fine blade; it is capable of splitting up illusions, legends and fallacies:

"I prefer Goethe to Schiller," he writes in August, 1909. "Schiller has an idea and then seeks some vehicle for it (Maria Stuart, Dunois, Carl Moor, Posa, etc.). But Goethe creates human beings and gives us life as it is, not as it should be. A favorite copybook theme runs thus: 'Why is it that Schiller succeeds in making Wallenstein appear sympathetic to us—in spite of his treason?' I'll tell you—it is precisely because of his treason. Wallenstein is one of the few live human beings whom Schiller succeeds in planting upon the stage—that which is human in him is nothing less than his treason. *Les passions, c'est toute la richesse morale de l'homme*—I must emphasize this again and again.

And yet a man with passions is surely not esteemed noble in the common acceptance of that term. How goes that verse of Pope's which is directed against the repose of the spirit—unfortunately I can find it only in the French translation: '*Plus notre esprit est fort, plus il faut qu'il agisse. Il meurt dans le repos, il vit dans l'exercice.*'"

In the book there is a heliogravure portrait of Otto Braun at the age of 12. It shows a childish face, round and handsome, with dark contemplative eyes, a drooping mouth, the expression grave, somewhat proud and defiant. The pose is easy and full of mature assurance; his hands in his pockets, his hair hanging in long locks almost to his shoulders.

"Nietzsche stands on Luther's shoulders, ridiculous as this may seem. Luther was a man, a daring man, true to his convictions, and I honor him as I honor all heretics, all men who defy fear." (November, 1909.)

Though he had actually little experience with human nature, he is already suspicious of it. Full of Machiavellian astuteness is the advice he gives his friend Stefan L., still at school: "Be as close-lipped as possible, yet appear as though built of glass. Do not strive to be the first in class, etc." A deep disdain of the "model youth" speaks out of this sophistication—a certain patronage, his by right, from the following:

"You have brilliant, actually superb ideas, but—pardon the expression—you clothe them in very ornate and deliberately obscure forms. Go dig down into your innermost self, ask yourself whether you do not often force yourself to adopt forms which are not a true reflection of your inner self. Only the form which comes honestly from within is capable of presenting our thoughts in a worthy shape to others."

His adventures among books are so many marvellous discoveries. In August, 1910, the dynamic mind of the thirteen-year-old boy encounters Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" for the first time:

"I have read 'Zarathustra.' I am dizzy, breathless, I stagger. I shall not say anything about this book—I cannot. One must be fortified with a rich stock of systematized scholarship, possibly of pedantry, not to be utterly destroyed by such a *non plus ultra*."

"Inexpressible books—these of Nietzsche and Van Gogh—plough-shares that sever and tear us up by the roots."

In the spring of 1911 we find Otto in Florence, revelling in a great harvest of Italian art. From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year this eagerness to absorb and master the world grew more and more intense. The boy's soul and spirit expanded; he sat in rigorous judgment upon himself. There was something Spartan in the manner in which he disciplined his mind and kept it true to its search of the perfect thought in the perfect



form. A deep, religious conviction of his predestined duties in life came upon him.

On July 29, 1911: "I am slaving prodigiously. Before going to Florence I had time, but no ideas, no thoughts. But now I have thoughts and ideas but no time. I prefer this condition to the other. For ideas abide within one, are seizable, even though for the time being they may remain without being executed."

On a voyage homeward bound from Teneriffe in September, 1911, he studies More's "Utopia":

"A most extraordinary work! In the first book a knowledge of economic conditions is revealed, and a judgment upon these conditions which seems almost incredible. Utopias such as those of Bellamy vanish by comparison into the dusk of insignificance. The astute investigations as to the origin of theft are of particular excellence—he derives it from bad education, poverty, lack of food, high prices of raw materials. In the major part of the 'Utopia' proper, one feels that despite all excellencies, there is much that is too rationalistic, and one is unpleasantly aware of the mechanistic stage which has mere wraiths for its units and not real, live human beings. . . ."

The element of imaginative prevision cooled and controlled by common sense—a combination upon which the higher statesmanship is based—was conspicuous in him. This politician of 14 comments upon an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt* which expressed the view that the Triple Alliance had outlived itself:

"The conclusion that Germany and Austria are by themselves capable of resisting a combination of all European powers seems to me to be an error. The argument that this was proved during the annexation of Bosnia is insufficient, since the powers did not feel inclined to precipitate a world war merely on account of Bosnia. But I would like (or rather would not like) to see what Germany or Austria would do, if England should paralyze all maritime traffic, if Russia should send us no wheat, the Argentine and other countries no meat; in short, if all connections between us and the rest of the world should be suspended, as would surely come to pass in such a war, and not in a miniature affair such as that between Italy and Turkey."

He compiled tables of exports and imports to prove his point and forecast with remarkable precision the economic basis of the revolution, the era of profiteering, etc. The young, intuitive mind already registered the brooding troubles of the epoch, was conscious of voices crying from afar.

The muddle-headed politics of the rulers of Germany are clear to him; for after a clairvoyant analysis of Germany's political situation (November, 1911), he winds up: "Such are the results of a dish-clout policy which now seems to have become a sacrosanct policy with us."

Recorded in his diary in September, 1912:

"I believe

"More firmly and more imperturbably than any saint,

"I believe in my daemon,

"I believe in my duties,

"I believe in my task!"

Poems pour from his pen, their excellence for the greater part eludes translation. The freedom and radiance of the pagan world wrings from him worship as in his glowing verses "To Aphrodite" and in "Hippolyta":

"This is her body, that addresseth,

Clinging, the wind's course, yon and thither swaying,

This is her body, that caresseth,

A birch-tree, bending to the syrinx' playing;

And this her body, as it presseth

Close to the charger, like an arrow, her will obeying."

His nature was keenly responsive to the esthetic, and the world of art reacted upon him potently, productively. In March, 1913, the sixteen-year-old boy writes to a friend:

"I have recently occupied myself a great deal with the Renaissance, especially with its architecture. . . . In the closer, deeper contemplation of the splendors of a rhythmically coordinated wall, a well-proportioned window, new and undreamed of beauties rise before us. I believe that architecture is essentially the masculine art and that its subordination in our age is a particularly clear sign of its effeminization. I also find that the relation of logic in mathematics to the logic in architecture is of importance."

April 4, 1913: "I have been chasing for more than three hours through the woods with Mister [his dog]. He is an expert at this business and, strange as it may seem, something almost bacchantic overcomes him at such times. There is a wonderful sense of happiness in observing animals and plants in their every detail—how a hare runs, a deer leaps, in short to relate oneself in this way to the formative processes of Nature—for even the mere visualization and realization of things is already one of the lower degrees of the creative."

When he was sixteen Otto wrote a dramatic poem, "Eros and Psyche," based upon motifs of Apuleius. Despite its boyish purity and freshness, it is full of a mature beauty and power and a serene assurance of form. He went to Italy once more—where he learned "that a Titan found a place in Michael Angelo's breast, but a god in Leonardo's." In his diary under date of March 17, 1914, we find this note:

"Read a lot of Protagoras. Great and deep things about great men. Yet often I despair of seizing it all. How many of us know the living meaning of these Greek terms? We translate everything into Christian terminology."

The war breaks out. On August 4, 1914, he writes to Julie V., his mother's friend:

"Though all things may be veiled and dark, so that we cannot peer into the future, one thing is certain to me: Germany cannot perish. And this faith I do not base—as is the habit of our braggarts—upon a belief in our perfections, nor yet upon our achievements, but wholly upon the conviction that as a nation we have not yet fulfilled ourselves. This it is which gives me such assurance. That Germany which we carry in our hearts has not yet taken shape or form. It is possible that in music we have already sung ourselves out, but in the realms of poetry and architecture and above all in the formation of Life, we have not yet fulfilled our task or destiny. The task which has been imposed upon us is difficult—more difficult than that which confronts other peoples—because we are more diversified and more manifold than they."

The same day he reported himself as a volunteer, but was told that no more were being accepted. On August 4, he went to Berlin with his father. They visited the Reichstag. "The Chancellor," he writes, "looked almost tragic." On August 21, the birthday of his soldier grandfather, he went to the family vault in the Hasenheide with a great wreath and offered up a prayer:

"Since in thy footsteps, forefather, I fare,  
Thine eyes be on me and in me thy spirit;  
Thy strength be mine in battle is my prayer:  
Bend down to me that this I may inherit."

In September, 1914, Otto Braun, then seventeen years old, departed for the war—"in all hope and expectation—not in a spirit of adventure nor in search of new sensations or new experiences—but rather in the hope and fixed faith that my being will be subdued and made man-like, and that form and content, power and proportion, strength and beauty may come to me in order that I may be prepared for that unimaginable life which will open up before me later on."

The influence of Field Marshal Mackensen, who had been the adjutant of his maternal grandfather, had been enlisted, and through him young Otto was entered in the Fourth Regiment of Jägers for a course of training at Graudenz. He became immensely popular with his comrades, though among his superior officers there were a few martinets who hated him because of the Socialistic faith of his parents and the favor he enjoyed in Mackensen's eyes. His letters are full of enthusiasm over the soldier's life, the bluff *camaraderie*, the life with common men, and horses, the wild rides across country. December, 1914, finds him in Poland. He is at once flung into the dirt and primitiveness of the front, he writes letters "crouching in foul barns by the light of candles, whilst the guns bellow and a comrade at his side is searching his dog for fleas." On January 17 he writes to his parents:

"This is the fabulous thing about war-time: it is not

only in feeling and in spirit that the simple, the primitive and the elemental hold sway—no, it is in *all* things, down to the most minute. Only now do we realize what house and home really mean, and all the dear, familiar objects of daily use or necessity, *real* necessity. We see to our amazement, as for the first time, the parts of which they are composed when stripped of all ephemeral decoration. This is borne in upon us now—when we are forced to make them for ourselves."

He is eager for action, however, and also anxious to escape from the domineering of the martinets. He asks, therefore, to be transferred to the foremost lines—a resolution which not even the pleas of his parents can alter. As a preliminary step he is removed, again through the influence of Mackensen, to Lodz, to a cavalry corps. The frontispiece in the books shows the great brazen helmet of the curassier or guard, incongruously gleaming above the smooth and gravely girlish face and the gold-broidered uniform—like some mad medley, some incongruous juxtaposition of the primitive and the spiritual and cultured. His letters from the field assume a new and deeper note, questions of history, politics, literature occupy him even in the midst of all the turmoil, excitement and fatigue. He devours book after book. A beautiful poem full of adoration goes to his mother on her fiftieth birthday.

In July, 1915, he writes to his parents: "I must tell you this. My youth was so splendid and so spacious that I am certain few others could boast of anything resembling it. This I owe to you both. And yet had it not been for this soldier's life, often so hard and grim, my youth might have spoiled my life—for it was too pure, too good, too immune from all ugly things and from contact with the great masses. Now I believe the balance is restored."

There are countless indications in the literary remains of this young genius which prove clearly that he would have become a great and constructive force in the New Germany, a force that would have impressed its will upon the age. Like a finger pointing out the destiny of America are these clear and noble words, outweighing all the moralistic shams and sophistries with which intellectual and political thimble-riggers have bewildered the world:

"We do not know when peace will come, but some day it will surely come and then the future will belong, not to the victorious or defeated nations, but to that land which will be able to mould peace to its most consummate form, that land which will remain victor in the battle of peace."

He is disgusted with the spirit of shallow religiosity which is making itself felt among the people at home—he regards it as death to the fecundation of the vast and creative future. The world of the trenches swallows him. It is not long before he is made a lieutenant.



His men adore him, recognizing in him a superior spirit, a leader born and bred. He shares all their privations, their joys and sorrows, refusing all special privileges. It was only after Otto's death that the following impressive incident came to light through the account of a comrade of his. One night when they were in the trenches near Bolimov-Borzynov there came an order for Lieutenant Braun to take a dozen men and bury the dead in No Man's Land, after first removing the identification discs. The Russian patrols were everywhere. The dead had lain there for weeks and advanced putrefaction had set in. The men were sickened to their gorges and almost fainted over the horrible task. Otto tried to cheer and encourage them, but to no avail. Then he erected himself and said, solemnly: "Men, if your minds won't get the better of the decay, the decay will get the better of your minds!" And suddenly he began to chant lines from the Iliad in the original Greek. The sonorous verses, ringing through the night, made a wonderful impression on the soldiers, who worked silently and without faltering as though bound by some heroic spell. Then Otto spoke several of Holderlin's majestic hymns. A blase lieutenant remarked: "'Tisn't many of the dead who are given a requiem such as that!"

His best friend, Lieutenant Boye, is killed before his eyes. He describes the most terrible things with the objectivity and detachment of the trained observer, the master singer and seer. On August 7, 1916, a telegram summons him home to Zehlendorf (Berlin)—his mother is ill. He arrives only to hear that she has just died. "She lay there in august majesty," he writes, "beautiful and serene as Demeter, the Queen of Earth, whom she so loved. I do not know what I shall do—my life is utterly changed—demolished, foredone."

Almost at the same time news arrives that his friend and substitute, Lieutenant Breenfleck, has been killed during his absence. Returning to the front after his mother's funeral, a third blow falls upon him—the tidings of the assassination of the reactionary Austrian Premier, Count Sturghk, by his cousin, Fritz Adler, the Socialist idealist—"the only man in apparently rotten Austria," he remarks coldly in his journal, "with enough courage to sacrifice himself."

On November 11, 1916, he writes breezily from the war hospital at Lemberg, and describes how he was wounded—"a bullet in the left forearm and one above the jaw, emerging close under the eye." He now plunges into the military treatises of von Schlieffen, Gneisenau, Clausewitz and the histories of von Treitschke—tempered by the Greek poets and many modern writers. His enlightened patriotism does not prevent him from making an acute criticism of various German shortcomings. He comments on the lack of understanding shown by Treitschke for certain unpleas-

ant features of the Prussian nature, features by no means rooted in the superficial. "How does it happen that again and again we are not only misunderstood, but absolutely hated, and that our most benevolent critics despair after colliding with our edges and corners? We lack the sovereign control of form, something which only an ancient culture can give." A long and poignant poem in memory of his mother goes to his father from a lazaret at Trebnitz to which he has been removed. The poem is in three parts—"Solace," "Adoration," and "The Pledge." Of the last I have essayed the following translation:

"We are alone, my father, and the hours  
Of morning and of evening bring us sadness:  
Terrible are men's steps and their loud gladness,  
And faded seems the scent of freshest flowers.

"Yet we are here, pent in our bodies drifting,  
She who is now ours wholly, for her sake  
A sacrificial vow to Heaven lifting  
That sorrow shall but steel us and not break.

"Hers the recurrent victory, daily sure,  
Her spirit stay with us victorious still:  
Though many a decade press upon thy will—  
Father, have faith! Helping, I will endure!"

A long leave of absence is given him to recover from his wounds and the attendant complications. This period he spends at the family home at Zehlendorf, at Munich, in the Tyrol, and at Copenhagen. With the superb assurance of one who knows his path, his goal and his powers, he writes, in August, 1917:

"This morning First Lieutenant E. told me of R.'s praise of me. These eulogies always arouse a certain distrust in me—a sense of shame. I shall not live outwardly, though I shall live for the world, but not individually sealed and stoppered up. I shall always bear within me an unpolluted spirit and a god whom few need know, but who after I am gone, will shine the brighter. I shall have many enemies and experience many attacks during life, but after my death I shall be a symbol and a monument to men—one who will be a beginner—one who will have progeny."

Sleepless nights befall him, dreaming of, planning out a great work in three volumes to be called "The State." The first volume is to be devoted to "The History of the Theory of State," the second "The History of State Forms to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century," the third "The Development of States During the Nineteenth Century, Their Present Forms and the Necessity of New Forms." National economy lures him—he sees in it a realm full of grand and fruitful tasks.

During November, 1917, a neurosis of the heart is diagnosed in Otto Braun and he is ordered to the mountains, deeply depressed because he cannot return to the front. Yet once more he revels in the beauty of the world.

At Garmisch in the Bavarian Alps, during a trip on skis:

"One thing has now become clear to me. The supreme goal which man is able to achieve in life is not fame, not happiness, not even greatness, no! not even that which up to now has appeared to me as the greatest of all things: the Great Achievement. It is none of these, but only this: to become a *prototype, a model—one that through its destiny alone determines the world and humanity.*"

#### "THE SUPERNAL SERVICE

"This be thy law—some god shalt thou surrender  
Thyself and serve him all thy days,  
Thy formless life a form to render  
He plucks it from its transient ways.

"Think not thou canst with passionate crying  
Or with a wailing song, persuade  
From his pure temple steps reply,  
Him to descend, thy pangs to aid.

"His office is not to attend thee  
As does a mother, simple, wise,  
Nor stay the rock that falls to rend thee,  
O fragile one, before his eyes.

"Yet hast thou courage, in thyself believing,  
No bitter disillusion shalt thou fear:  
Labor shalt thou and grow, at last perceiving  
The perfect Wonder—*when thy god is Here*

In January, 1918, there is a note in his diary, expressing his joy that he has once more been declared fit for service at the front. He is sent first to the Italian front—the impressions received there result in wonderful letters and records in his journal. He is then transferred to the west front to take part in what proved to be the last tremendous offensive of the German armies. Yet even amidst this wild and murderous hurly-burly and forward rush, he finds time to read deep and wise books, to think and to set down new thoughts. As, for example, on April 6, 1918:

"This military training is a damned good one for me. And yet I feel that Life has many a hard knock in store for me—otherwise Nature would never have given me so much inner power to repel all unpleasant things."

Soon afterwards he is advanced in the service, attached to one of the staffs, which does not please him. From his camp at Hallancourt he describes his sensa-

tions on beholding the havoc wrought in San Quentin by the bombardments of the Allies:

"Never have I seen desolation so stark and thorough as in the villages in front of our lines. Terribly the cathedral of St. Quentin stretches its shattered head aloft, high above mountains of ruins. From within the skies peer through the roof—which lies on the floor—solitary buttresses and pillars of the groined vaults lift their pitiful stumps into the air. The fragments of glorious rose-windows, the splinters of panes iridescent with color, hang here and there. It is thrice grotesque to see here, where only the eternal is fit to survive, and where even this seems doomed to perish,—the crude, screaming modern frescoing of the choir, a symbol of the new barbarism. The ridiculous painted heavens with their gilded stars still blink down upon one in odd sections whilst behind them and above them the real heavens bend blue and solemnly over the wreckage of beautifully curving vaults."

His last letter was written to Julie V. at Zehlendorf from a deep, reinforced cellar at Marcelcave in north-east France, and closes thus—as with a vision—or an apotheosis?—of a spirit that had reached its fruition—or one that stood upon the threshold?

"I am now once more overcome by that very same feeling which possessed me when I last left for the front. It is a feeling as if a great impending change were awaiting me and it is upon me now. It is beautiful—the future is absolutely impenetrable, yet it furnishes a background upon which one can paint all manner of radiant colors and magic landscapes."

On the morning of April 29, 1918, a shell, falling into the cellar at Marcelcave, ended the life of Otto Braun in his twentieth year.

The story of Otto Braun's brief life and extraordinary accomplishment affected me profoundly. He lives now in my memory side by side with Gaudier Brzeska and Wilfred Owen—among the noblest victims of the world-war. I don't know the reason; but I regret these three more than unnumbered thousands who were at the same time undistinguished.

FRANK HARRIS.

#### Masterpieces.

As in a Corot picture, we two dream  
Under the tossing trees that bow and sway  
Against the warm light of a westering sun  
That kisses earth good-night, and steals away.

Such masterpieces may our dreams remain:  
Treasures of life, unfaded by the years.—  
Yet, some of Corot's rain-scenes are his best,  
And dreams are often glorified by tears.

Norine Wintrowe.



# A London Letter

**R**UMORS of Sinn Fein plots are now making Londoners quake when they hear anything resembling an explosion. It is understood in certain well-informed circles that Sir Hamar Greenwood, Minister for Ireland, does not sleep under the same roof two nights in succession. Policemen are discovered in pairs at night time in the most unexpected and respectable parts of the metropolis. The Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard is alert and equal to any emergency. For purposes of strategy, the authorities suspect every unemployed citizen of Sinn Fein tendencies.

The strain has been too much for Mr. Bonar Law. In spite of pressing invitations from friends in Ireland, he has gone for recuperation to the Riviera. It is doubtful whether he will ever return to political life. Meanwhile, his great ally, Mr. Lloyd George, once his deadly enemy but for whom he has acted sponsor in late years, has seized the present occasion to declare his hatred of Socialism.

The political situation is unquestionably fraught with dangerous possibilities for those who neither toil nor spin. There will be no "Hang the Kaiser!" or "Make Germany Pay!" stunts for the Time-servers when the next election comes along.

Everyone wonders what turn things will take. Everyone except Mr. Lloyd George. This man has a wonderful instinct. He knows the turn things will take, knows it only too well. Hence the gauntlet—and the challenge. He will appeal to the constitution-loving majority of his English, Welsh, Scotch—yes, and Irish—fellow-countrymen. He will surely tell them that the Empire is on the brink of catastrophe. He will flatter, cajole them, pander to them. Above all he will frighten them. He will wave red flags in front of them—and they, bull-like, will drop their heads (and their brains), make a bee-line for him, and toss him bodily back into power again.

Our literary critics have lately been busy trying to do justice to Sir Richard Burton, the centenary of whose death took place on March 19. The result has been quite pitiful. It was, of course, hardly likely that journalistic scribblers, who have never been further east than Margate, should be able to appreciate a man of his primitive, combative, vocalanic type. But one or two imaginative writers, from whom one would think the contemplation of that heroic figure might have induced a spark, have hardly done better. It is curious, because men of action usually suffer from over-praise in England. For instance, a sum of £30,000 has just been subscribed for General Dyer, thus testifying to Englishmen's undying gratitude for any action involving the slaughter on a

large scale of unarmed natives of India or other countries.

But Burton committed the egregious offense of criticising the activities of Englishmen in foreign parts; and his literary achievements were not of a kind to ingratiate their author with the countrymen of Anthony Trollope and other highly respectable citizens. . . .

The most self-satisfied man now in London is Mr. George Moore. He is also the most inveterate ink-slinger. His latest work, "Héloïse and Abelard," is a first-class example of self-satisfaction and inkslinging. He is furious with the discerning critics who have found fault with his egotism and pretentiousness. However, his latest craze is the production of these ink-expending masterpieces in costly, hand-set, limited editions. Moorites are now able to have their redundant tomes in fitting garments. This is really very pleasant. But such precious relics should not be placed in ordinary bookshelves. They should be locked up in glass cases—and left there! Mr. Moore has lately said that "by common consent" he is regarded as a master-craftsman. He is quite right. The approval is incurably common. . . .

There is now—wander of wonders!—a theatre in this country devoted exclusively to the plays of Bernard Shaw. It is the Hampstead Repertory Theatre. And Shaw alone has made it a going concern. The Hampstead Theatre started with such typical repertory plays as Masfield's "Nan," Galsworthy's "Foundations" and so on. These brought the company to the verge of bankruptcy. They then tried Shakespeare, but "Romeo and Juliet" nearly finished them off. At last someone had an inspiration. "What about a Shaw season?" suggested he or she. They have been playing to 'capacity' business ever since. . . . This is not so wonderful as it sounds. Anyone with half a grain of sense knows perfectly well that there is more money in Shaw's plays than in all the other serious dramatics put together. He is literally the only playwright who makes one think and keeps one amused at one and the same time. Consequently, anyone who cares two straws for the drama as an art prefers Shaw's plays to anything else our stage can show. Playgoers want either Shaw or a revue; that is to say, they want to think or not to think—and in both cases they want to be entertained.

Gerald Du Maurier is the only actor on the London stage who can lift a bad play to success. Perhaps some brainy individual will shortly tumble to the facts of the case and start a Shaw Theatre in London. H. P.

---

The world is governed more and more by cooperation and not by rivalry.—Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes.

# Do I Believe in Judges?

By John Nicholas Beffel.

*"Callousness to abstract justice is THE sinister feature and, to me as well as to you, the incomprehensible feature of our U. S. civilization."*

**W**HEN I was a kid in Illinois I had some beautiful illusions about courts and justice. The public school in my home town held before me inspiring pictures of the humane principles underlying our tribunals and laws. It was sad to think that in Europe poor people were mistreated in the courts, but in this land of the free a man who had neither a friend nor a dollar could go before any magistrate and get his rights.

Time came when I was compelled to change my ideas about courts and judges. As a newspaperman I was soon disillusioned. For five or six men on the bench in America I have the highest admiration and regard; but . . .

There was the verdict in the Centralia case, which directly contradicted the charge in the indictment, yet which was accepted without question by a judge who day after day had patently proven his incapacity to distinguish between right and wrong.

And in Massachusetts there is a new shadow upon the judiciary. Bartolomeo Vanzetti, workingman and philosopher, tried as a payroll bandit last June at Plymouth, was convicted on evidence never introduced in open court—evidence which was considered by the jury after it had retired and which the defense never had a chance to refute.

Before he passed sentence, the trial judge was informed of this strange proceeding. But he concealed his knowledge from the world, and blandly sent Vanzetti to prison for fifteen years. It remained for the defense to bring out the incredible fact, nine months after the trial.

They never impeach judges in Massachusetts, so I suppose nothing will be done about this. Lately I was discussing this with a Boston lawyer, who said:

"No injustice could be done in a Massachusetts court, at least not if the judge had any inkling of it. Our judges are men of sterling integrity."

I mentioned Superior Justice Webster Thayer, who tried Vanzetti at Plymouth, and the lawyer said: "That man is as straight as a die. Nobody is more honest."

But here is what happened in the Vanzetti case: Vanzetti and his comrade Nicola Sacco were friends of Andrea Salsedo, the Italian printer who was held prisoner in the New York City offices of the Department of Justice for two months without warrant, hearing or

trial. Toward the end of these two months Salsedo managed to smuggle a letter out of his secret prison. The word sped to the Italian colony in and near Boston. Sacco and Vanzetti took immediate steps to have Salsedo liberated. But before they could effect anything, Salsedo plunged from a fourteenth story to death.

Department of Justice heads assert that he jumped. But if he did jump, there is evidence that he had been terribly beaten and tortured in an attempt to make him confess complicity in bomb plots. Aides of ex-Attorney General Palmer declared that there was a confession, and that Salsedo implicated others. But no prosecution has ever been based on the alleged confession, and Roberto Elia, who was imprisoned with Salsedo and who saw Salsedo tortured, was immediately deported.

Shortly before the tragedy, Vanzetti was in New York seeking competent counsel for Salsedo. He was conscious of being shadowed there. Two days after Salsedo's death, Vanzetti and Sacco were arrested in Brockton, Mass.—arrested as "reds," but later third-degreed as bandits in two shoe-town crime-escapes on which the police had lamentably fallen down. Sacco was an expert edge-trimmer in a shoe factory, and was known as an aggressive labor organizer. Vanzetti was a fish-seller.

Vanzetti was hurried to trial charged with being one of the bandits in a hold-up attempt at Bridgewater, Mass., on December 24, 1919. Nine reputable witnesses testified that he was selling eels to them in Plymouth, twenty-eight miles from the crime scene, at the time of the hold-up. December 24 is the day of all days on which Italians eat eels—an old tradition. But whatever weight this testimony had with the jury was overbalanced by the unofficial evidence I have mentioned.

Witnesses for the commonwealth testified that three shotgun shells had been found in Vanzetti's pockets when he was arrested. Prosecutor Frederick G. Katzmann introduced these shells as exhibitions. They contained bird-shot, according to testimony given by the state's gun expert, Captain William H. Proctor, head of the state police.

But in the jury room, one of the jurors became curious about those shells, "because Proctor didn't show us what was inside." He wanted them opened.

*The shells were found to contain not bird-shot, but buck-shot!*

Without saying anything about this finding, so that the defense never had its law-provided privilege of combatting this new evidence, the jury found Vanzetti guilty on two counts—assault with intent to rob and assault with intent to murder. It did not occur to any of them



that the shells might have been tampered with or a substitution made. They were impressed mainly by the thought that although bird-shot will not ordinarily kill human beings, buck-shot usually kills.

Next day one of the jurors chanced to meet Judge Thayer in a Brockton restaurant. The judge was there trying some cases. He had not yet sentenced Vanzetti. The juror showed him a leaden pellet, and told him about the incident in the jury room. Before the juror left the room Prosecutor Katzmann sought him out and asked for the buck-shot, cautioning him to silence. Similar souvenirs were obtained by Katzmann from three other jurors. One of the men was worried; he asked the prosecutor if he considered the verdict just; Katzmann said it was a commendable action.

There is no record of what went on in Judge Thayer's mind after that; but when Vanzetti appeared before him for the last time the court ignored the murder conviction and sentenced him only on the robbery count.

What I have written here will be a part of the representations made by the defense attorneys in demanding a new trial for Vanzetti on the Bridgewater indictment. These representations are borne out by detailed statements obtained by the defense from various jurors who are conscious that a great wrong has been done.

"Identifications" of Vanzetti were obtained through melodramatic suggestion staged by the police. Prosecution witnesses told weird stories on the stand. One boy, accusing Vanzetti as the shot-gun bandit, said he knew the shot-gun man was a foreigner "by the way he ran." A woman whose eyes are being treated declared she saw Vanzetti in an automobile a few minutes before the Bridgewater hold-up. But she asserted also that she saw gun-fire while standing in a depot window a block away. The truth is that she couldn't have seen any part of the crime-action if she had had a ten-foot neck, for a two-story house blocks the view of the crime area.

Then a payroll guard swore that the shot-gun man, who he asserted was Vanzetti, had a bushy moustache. But at the preliminary hearing this guard swore that the shot-gun man had a short croppy moustache.

Prosecutor Katzmann has refused to let the present defense attorneys examine the exhibits used in the Vanzetti trial, and they must go into court to force his hand.

Sacco and Vanzetti are to be tried on May 31 for a payroll robbery and two murders committed at South Braintree, Mass., on April 15, 1920. Evidence against them is no more tangible than that against Vanzetti in the Bridgewater case. Vanzetti has never been confronted by his accusers in connection with the South Braintree crime; he was indicted in secret.

Of the numerous persons who saw the Braintree bandits escape in broad daylight, only three were used in the preliminary hearing of Sacco. None of them would say positively that he was one of the murderers.

"I might be mistaken," said Louis Wade. . . . "I do not say positively," said Miss Frances Devlin. . . . "I do not think my opportunity afforded me the right to say he is the man," said Miss Mary Splaine.

Sacco tells of an incident at the Brockton police station, where he was held after his arrest. An Italian cobbler who saw the bandits get away was brought to view Sacco. The police tried to get him to say that Sacco was one of the criminals.

"I no see this man," declared the cobbler. "I no see him ever before." The police persisted, debated with him, became abusive.

Finally, when they could make no headway with him, they threw him out.

This witness was not called.

At the time of the South Braintree murders, Sacco was miles away, the defense contends; witnesses of unimpeachable integrity and reputation will testify to that. But even this proof is no guarantee that Sacco will not be convicted. For Vanzetti's alibi witnesses were reputable people, but the jury convicted.

Vanzetti, too, will show that he was far from the crime-scene on April 15, 1920; but he is at a tragic disadvantage, since American juries are willing to believe almost anything about a man who has already been convicted of a crime.

Hope of acquittal for either man can lie only in the ability of the defense to make such a minute investigation of all witnesses and testimony that no witness can get away with any repetition of the Oxman fabrication in the Mooney case. And public interest in the case must be aroused that the court and prosecutor will be conscious that the world's eyes are upon them.

Combatting a determined prosecutor in this kind of case offers tremendous difficulties. For the prosecutor commands all the resources of the commonwealth and of the employing interests allied with the shoe company that was robbed—eighty-nine deputy sheriffs, the state police, local police, private detective agencies, funds to employ expert witnesses, plus the prejudice planted in the public when the defendants were being third-degreed and when the only news going out to the press was from the prosecutor's side.

For the defense, there is a heart-breaking struggle, to raise sufficient funds from the working class in the face of prevailing unemployment, and to spread the story across the land in time for an awakened public opinion to be of aid. For Sacco and Vanzetti go to trial May 31—and the electric chair waits hungrily.

There is no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare lies ours, and by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and shortest to our own.

# Who Conquers Fate?

By Captain Paul V. Collins.

IT was the custom of the editor-in-chief to come to the office about 11 o'clock each morning, to get his personal mail and glance at the editorials of certain exchanges. Today the first letter which caught his notice bore the imprint of *The Twentieth Century Review*, and, with the always fresh enthusiasm of a contributor, Evans smiled upon reading the acceptance of his article: "The Reconstruction of American Finance."

The letter contained a check in three figures, but what pleased the writer most, was a personal note from his old friend Jackson, assistant editor of the *Review*, complimenting him upon the virility and logic of his article. The matter, he said, was already in type, and would be the leader in the next number.

"Aha, Dr. Osler! You're a joke. I'm sixty years old today and I'm stronger and fitter for the fray than I was at forty."

Then he rose from his chair, took a deep breath, struck a pose before the mirror, and declaimed:

"I like the man who faces what he must,  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,  
Who fights the daily battle without fear,—  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God, that somehow true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals."

He felt a little sheepish when, in the midst of the last line, his door opened, and in the mirror he caught sight of a grinning telegraph boy with a message. The boy's grin persisted:

"I know that pome, Mr. Evans. I recited it, once, at Friday afternoon exercises."

"Fine, my boy! Always remember it, and it will make a brave man of you. Remember its last line?"

"Sure!"

"He alone is great

Who, by heroic action CONQUERS FATE!"

Johnny fairly roared his recitation, shaking his fist at Mr. Evans; then both laughed in comradeship.

"Good! Be a hero, Johnny! Here's a quarter for your recitation."

Mechanically, Mr. Evans ran his cutter across the envelope of his telegram, and read:

"New York, November 13, 1920.

"George D. Evans,

"*Morning Sun*, Washington, D. C.:

"Please ignore letter sent you by mistake. Regret cannot use your article. Explanation follows.

"Editor *Twentieth Century Review*."

Instinctively he reached into his pocket and looked at

the check, noticing then that it was unsigned.

"I know why the *Review* can't use my article. I am not surprised. Jackson is not in the inner councils of the management; he is only a literary critic. The financiers own the editor—Gouldberg—and he would no more dare to publish my statement of their schemes than—

"Why, *bon jour*, Mr. LeTournay! *Comment allez vous?*"

"*Assez bien, merci—et vous, monsieur?* Meestaire Evans, I come direct to you. I am your friend, Meestaire Evans. I come not from Monsieur le Meenistaire—I come—how you say?—*de mon volanté—moi même*—I vood à vous spik. You should know, Meestaire Evans, zat your editorials concernant le reconstrooction de ma coontree, is not—are not good—*ils ne sont pah bon*. I vood you appeal—"

"Oh, don't forget, Mr. LeTournay, that while we all love LaFayette—and would vote for him every time—and sometimes for Clemenceau—we are Americans, and we look on America first. That is true patriotism, is it not?"

"*Patriotisme? Ah, mon Dieu! Quel crimes se commettaient dans ton nom! Patriotisme, le Diable!* No—no—no! But I am your friend, Meestaire Evans." Growing confidential: "I come to say zat Monsieur le Meenistaire present his compliment and vood wiv you confer, at ze embassy—today—now. I have my automobile—at your sairvees."

"Why, I thought the Minister had gone to Florida for the holidays. Has he returned?"

"Ah, yes. You have *raison*, Meerstaire Evans. Monsieur le Ministaire *lui même*, is not—*au present*—at ze embassy—*à l'instant*—but zere are les grands financiers la—zey vood you spik, *au nom de Monsieur le Meenistaire*."

"I am sorry, Mr. LeTournay; I cannot come to the embassy with you now. I am extremely busy. There is to be a meeting of the directors at one o'clock, and I must attend. That will occupy—"

"Yes—yes. *Toujours*—you are *occupé*. I understand, Meerstaire Evans, but you not me understand—no. *Sans doute*—doubtless—at your meeting, you will it understand. I am—I regret *seriously*, *que vous me ne comprenez pas—vous ne comprenez pas votre danger*—but I am your freend. Ah—*j'ai peur—c'est impossible! Au revoir*, Meestaire Evans."

"Now what the devil is LeTournay up to? As *attaché* of the embassy—What is his game?"

A telephone message stopped the editor as he was about to depart for his breakfast.



"Yes? This is Evans—yes, Mr. Gorman. But aren't you to attend the directors' meeting? Can't I see you here before the meeting? Oh, well—I'm always busy—rushed—and the meeting begins in forty minutes— Well, I'll come right over to the bank."

Upon arrival at the bank, Mr. Evans was ushered into the office of the president, where he found President Gorman and two strangers awaiting him. One of these proved to be Congressman Holt of New York City, the other an English banker, Mr. Hereford.

Mr. Gorman proceeded, without circumlocation, to present an astonishing situation to the journalist:

"You may not realize, Mr. Evans, that your recent editorials upon financial matters have created a profound sensation."

"Thank you, Mr. Gorman."

"I fear that you do not comprehend that there are financial interests at stake, and that these interests are moving heaven and earth to shift taxation away from business to the general public. The burden of taxes on operations is bearing the bond market and stocks ruinously. Foreign exchange is an almost insurmountable barrier to exports, and tax on all business, together with the persistent demands for impossible wages, puts business against an impregnable wall."

The English banker was an interested listener:

"I can well appreciate the American situation. I've been touring the States—clear out to Cleveland and Pittsburgh—and everywhere I find business suffering for lack of an export market. It's even worse in Old England. The Bank of England has been obliged to raise the exchange three times in the last month, sir, and you must jolly well know, sir, that we don't fancy that, sir,—not a wee bit. It keeps our importers tied hand and foot. Nobody can buy American goods—your prices—especially in sterling—are quite impossible."

The congressman was pacing the floor, and he now turned abruptly to the editor:

"I have hoped that the press would show greater interest in my bill to relieve the exchange situation. Have you had a copy of the Holt Bill before you, Mr. Evans? No? In brief, it proposes to extend a Federal loan to all our allies or associates in the war, to cover, for five years, their accruing interest on their twelve billion dollars of bonds held in this country. It provides for a new issue of bonds, bearing five and a half per cent., free from taxes. That will require three billion dollars, and that will put Europe on her feet, start her industries and enable her importers to buy our surplus goods, hence it will stimulate our manufactures and exports. It will lower exchange rates, for what makes exchange so high now is Europe's necessity of gathering gold, to pay our interest."

"You mean that you propose still another inflation of our public securities? You want to lend our money to

Europe, so as to enable her to take more of our food and clothing, in competition with our own consumers, and for the aggrandizement of our profiteers?"

Turning, astounded, to the banker:

"Surely, Mr. Gorman, you—you don't expect the *Sun* to give its voice to such financing! You don't ask me—"

"Wait, Evans, don't be hasty. I thought it well to put the matter before you, in advance of the directors' meeting. I should—I suggest that you be not too quick to commit yourself against the judgment of the leading interests. It is a serious problem, involving—"

"Not involving George D. Evans, Mr. Gorman!" A clenched fist banged upon the table, and he turned to the congressman:

"Yes, Mr. Holt, I want to see your bill. I am sure it should not be overlooked."

"Pardon me, gentlemen, it is time for our directors' meeting. Mr. Gorman, you will be at the meeting?"

"Yes, I'll be there, assuredly—but wait a minute, Evans; I want to see you privately. I trust these gentlemen will excuse us."

The visitors quickly took their departure, and then the banker squared himself around in his swivel seat, with a look of determination and seriousness that Evans could not fail to note:

"Mr. Evans, we have but a few minutes to talk business, before the meeting. I hold in my hand a controlling majority of shares in the *Sun* Corporation. They belong to a syndicate of bankers which I represent. They must be recorded before today's meeting closes, to protect their dividends."

"You have been editor of the *Sun* for ten years, and you hold extraordinary influence over Congress. But you are inclined to take your own judgment, rather than the judgment of financial experts, in matters even of high finance."

"If I record these shares in my own name, I shall control the policies of the paper."

"Excuse me, Mr. Gorman, there is no man who can dictate to me—"

"Now don't be hasty, Evans. We are talking serious business. I hold the power. Much as I esteem you—"

"Don't threaten me, Gorman. That is as unnecessary as it is dangerous. I'll resign at once."

"Keep cool! Keep cool! I told you I held the power—but I'm not an editor. You are an editor, but without financial power. You have had some unpleasant experiences, at times, with your directors, but if the stock were in your name, the directors would be your puppets—"

"As they now are yours? They may be your puppets, Gorman, but I am no man's puppet. I hold a contract as editor, with full editorial control, up to January first. Give me one issue, Gorman, after you undertake to serve as my conscience, and I'll—"

"Don't you threaten me, Evans! You warned against threats; so do I. We are not here to fight. I propose to sell you all these shares and—"

"Why not sell me the United States Treasury? Why trifle with me?"

"Mr. Evans, I never trifle in business. I will accept your notes, renewable every ninety days. The banks of my syndicate will hold the certificates as collateral security, and contract, on certain conditions, to renew your notes, from quarter to quarter. As the Security National cannot lend so large a sum, under the law, to one individual, I have arranged for the syndicate to allot it, upon my personal endorsement. You will share with me the excess of profits over the interest on your notes, on a fifty-fifty split, and I'll guarantee to protect you from all possible loss, and will arrange the quarterly renewals.

"All we ask is your reasonable support of the Holt Bill, and such other measures as are judged necessary to stabilize and free business—measures which you should see are for the good of business.

"The Sun Corporation will declare another quarterly dividend of four per cent. today—which you will share. I have been looking over the business statement and it is gratifying to see the steady increase of advertising revenue. Sixteen per cent. annually, while your notes draw five and a half per cent.—that gives us a margin of ten and a half per cent. on—let me see—this stock which I am selling you foots up, at par, \$2,137,000.00. Being in control enables you to fix your own salary—I shall not interfere with that—and you will name your directors and control them.

"I have naturally assumed that the arrangement would meet your approval when understood, Mr. Evans, and so have prepared in advance a little memorandum and your notes. If you will sign these, I'll have the stock duly registered in your name, while the meeting is in progress."

George D. Evans, grandson of Major General Evans, son of Circuit Judge Evans, was a man of sturdy will and lofty character—but not a superman.

He took the proffered contract and the notes, and read them impersonally, as in a daze. It could not apply to himself—this fortune! His thoughts raced clear away from his surroundings—from the present. He was thinking of his wife and their six-year-old boy: they were smiling upon him and holding out their hands as if to receive his bounties, and blessing him.

To be rich for their sakes! What would he not do for their sakes?

Gertrude was away on a visit to her mother, in California, and he wished she were back, to help him decide. Nothing was ever decided without first talking it over with her. She had gone alone, leaving George Junior in the care of his colored mammy—for of late she had

been in a nervous, run-down state, and her physician had advised a complete change, with a rest from all responsibilities. Her daily letters were increasing in vivacity, showing how the relaxation from care was doing her good—bless her.

Her letter of the morning burned in his pocket—he had had no opportunity to open it; it had come just as he was going to the bank.

"Come, it's time for the meeting; we are already late. Sign the papers and we'll go," spoke Mr. Gorman.

The president's door admitted a newcomer, unannounced:

"Mr. Gorman! Have you forgotten the meeting of the directors of the *Sun*? I stopped at the bank, as I was passing, and was told that you were busy, so I've waited ten minutes."

"Ah, how are you, Dr. Hinshaw? Let me introduce our new director, Dr. Hinshaw, Mr. Evans. This is the editor, Doctor."

"Glad to know the writer of our leaders, which always speak as one having authority, and not as the scribblers."

"You know Dr. Hinshaw by reputation, Mr. Evans. He has taught political economy and international law, at Harvard, 'so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' He is the maker of more statesmen than a feudal monarch ever made knights. Now he has started making Presidents. The President-elect is one of Hinshaw's boys."

"We are certainly glad to have you on our board, Dr. Hinshaw. Of course I know your work. Hinshaw's 'International Equities' is my diplomatic bible; I never let it off my desk."

The new director gripped Mr. Evans' hand firmly as he inquired:

"By the way, Mr. Evans, what is this rumor of your appointment as minister to Greece? Senator Hamilton tells me that it is strongly recommended, but I hope you will decline; we need you on the *Sun*, more than in the realm of Solon and Alexander."

"Don't worry about Evans, Dr. Hinshaw. I have told Senator Hamilton the situation, and he is willing to withdraw his recommendation. As you suggest, there are problems—and opportunities—here for Mr. Evans, more important than any upon the Dardanelles. I guess Mr. Evans sees that now."

Mr. Evans pricked up his ears at Mr. Gorman's news of Senator Hamilton's withdrawal of his support for a diplomatic appointment. He was not forced to comment, however, for the professor exclaimed:

"Let us be going, gentlemen. It is my school habit to be punctual."

Banker Gorman took up the bundle of stock certificates, putting them into a stout little leather handbag, and with an aside to Mr. Evans, he opened the door for his callers to pass out:



"You can sign the papers while the minutes are being read. Come on."

The editor walked as a culprit approaching his execution. He seemed to feel the black cap drawn over his eyes—he of the hitherto clear vision—and the ropes of the condemned pinioning his arms—he of the unfettered conscience.

He could not go on, into the directors' room, alone—without a word from Gertrude. Her letter was warm, as he pressed his hand upon it, in his pocket, while they were ascending the Sun elevator, and as they reached the floor of his private office, he felt he must read it, before going into that fateful meeting.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I'll join you in a few minutes" was his sudden parting, and the lock on the door of his sanctum clicked and shut him in—with Gertrude's letter.

It was longer than her usual letters, and page after page bubbled with her lively stories of delightful days with girlhood friends, for this was her first visit home, alone, since George Junior's birth.

"I'm having such a splendid visit, dear,"—so ran the letter—"and I hate to think of its nearing its end, though, of course, I want to see you and Junior. Shall I confess that I cried last night when I thought how far you both are from me? Can't you take a vacation and bring Junior out with you, for a month?"

"Charley Foster paid me a compliment, last evening, telling me I looked no older than on a certain night in the moonlight, when we were all in camp together, and—well, you know how silly you used to be about Charley's attentions.

"He has never married, and now he is as rich as Croesus, for they have found oil on some of his land and gold on some other. Everything he touches turns to gold.

"He has built a royal palace on the side of Green Knob, where, from the porches, one has a perfectly heavenly view. He has half a dozen automobiles, and he spends a good deal of his time on his splendid yacht, on which he has sailed around the world.

"Charley has a mania for collecting rubies. I fairly revelled in handling half a million dollars' worth of his gems. Oh, the ruby necklace he showed me! And he made me put it on and said it belonged with my brown eyes and white shoulders. It's fine to be rich!

"Why don't we 'strike oil'? It just seems that you have to drudge and drudge and drudge. And what do we get out of it? Some day we'll be old. I dread to think of that. And Junior will need so much money for an education and a start in life. You know it takes more now for a right start than it did when you were a boy."

There was a sharp rap at the door, which interrupted the reading of the letter. Twice it was repeated, then the knob was shaken, before Evans could bring his mind

back from California—from the millions of his old-time rival—to the proximate fact that Fate and Fortune were knocking at his own door.

"Aren't you coming, Evans? The minutes have been read. We've got to do business."

The voice of Gorman was hard and snappy; there was a note of authority in it.

As Mr. Evans entered the board meeting, one of the directors, discussing the profits of the last quarter, offered a motion to declare a January dividend of five per cent. instead of the usual four, arguing that it was folly to leave so large a surplus idle in bank, instead of distributing it amongst its owners.

"Have you signed the notes, Evans?" The whisper was buried by the slam of the door. "Let me have the papers, if you have signed them; the certificates must be recorded at once."

Gertrude's words were still ringing: "Why don't we strike oil?" "It just seems that you have to drudge and drudge and drudge." "It's fine to be rich!"

"Second the motion!" came from three directors simultaneously.

"Mr. Chairman," spoke Mr. Gorman, "I regret that I must oppose the over-optimism of this motion, and advise that our dividends remain at four per cent. a quarter. As a banker I believe I have a wider range by which to judge the business future than others can possibly have in their more personal spheres—"

"Oh, yes, the surplus lies in the Security National, at three per cent., and the bank loans it at six per cent.; of course it is to the bank's interest to hold it. I am speaking for the stockholders—not the bank," interrupted the mover.

"Perhaps that's a distinction without a difference." The banker's hand rested casually upon his little handbag.

"I believe I am entitled to as much consideration as any stockholder; I have the interests of the corporation at heart. While it is quite possible—I may say probable—that our April dividend may safely be higher—I hope even six per cent. if the Holt Bill passes at the December term of Congress—this is not the time to discount the future too sanguinely.

"I am glad to say that the *Sun* will give its full support to that important measure, and, with our record as a foundation, our support will prove very powerful. Mr. Evans, I believe, has something to tell us about his faith in the Holt Bill. It may be well that we should all understand it, for it is liable to popular misapprehension. With the chairman's permission, I am sure we would like to hear from Mr. Evans. It will throw light on the business future, and has a direct bearing on the motion as to our dividends."

There was a general shuffling of chairs, and Dr. Hin-

shaw was not the only director who wore an expression of alertness.

Mr. Evans stammered and seemed confused:

"But, gentlemen—and Mr. Chairman—I am not prepared to—I have not even read the Holt Bill—I wish you would excuse me—"

"Oh, you heard what Mr. Holt said about his bill—you know its effect on exchange and on exports." There was a compelling look on Mr. Gorman's face, as he waved away Mr. Evans' protest.

"I am sorry, gentlemen—I cannot endorse the opinion of Mr. Gorman concerning the Holt Bill, for—"

"You mean to say that you won't endorse the bill until you read it? Can't you take Congressman Holt's statement—and mine?"

"I take no judgment second-hand, but—"

"Do you question the soundness of my judgment on a financial measure? Why—"

"Perhaps the editor knows more about the Holt Bill than he cares to admit to us."

"Or else disagrees with some of us."

"What is this Holt Bill all about?"

Dr. Hinshaw was the last speaker, as he hitched his chair a bit closer to the table.

"It's about a new three billion dollar bond issue. Isn't that enough to stop the *Sun*—"

"Oh—a second Joshua, eh?"

"No, a second Daniel come to judgment!" I guess," roared Mr. Gorman. "The *Sun* hasn't stopped its course yet, and it will shine benignly upon the Holt Bill, I tell you, gentlemen. That is a measure of utmost importance—so important that nothing will prevent our giving it our fullest support—*nothing*."

Mr. Gorman's expression was as hard as steel, as he bent his brows and glared at Evans, but his gaze was met by one equally firm. Mr. Evans stood up, his face suddenly grown pallid and set, as if petrified.

"While I am editor of this paper, there will be no commitment in support of such a measure of damnable betrayal of American interests as exists in the Holt Bill."

"Don't be a fool, Evans!" came like a venomous hiss.

"I've been tempted. I've almost been such a fool as to think I could sell—and deliver—my soul—my independent soul. Thank God, I have come to. Here are your notes, Mr. Gorman, and your Mephistophelean bargain for my soul—my manhood. They are not signed—and they will not be signed. My contract expires December 31, at midnight. Until then, I edit this paper and wear no man's collar. Keep your controlling stock, Mr. Gorman; I keep my controlling conscience, though I starve."

"Tut! Tut! Fine heroics, Evans, but a bit melodramatic. However, I may as well record my new stock, and say that I shall select directors for next year's

board who will be practical enough to employ a practical editor—not a fool idealist. In the meanwhile, I believe you have laid ample foundation for a summary injunction to stop your vindictive injury to stockholders' interests, even though we have to pay your salary for the rest of the month. That's all today, Evans. A temporary injunction will be sufficient, and that will issue tomorrow."

"So will tomorrow's *Sun*, of which I am editor."

The door opened suddenly, and the telephone operator burst into the room, heedless of all proprieties, crying:

"Oh, Mr. Evans, your little boy—"

"What has happened? Where is Junior? Is he hurt?"

"Yes, Mr. Evans. An automobile— Oh, I can't tell you! Poor Georgie Junior!" And the excited girl sank to the floor, crying.

The father rushed to her, seized her arm and, in an agony of suspense, lifted her to her feet:

"What? What is it? Where is he? How badly is he hurt?"

"They've taken him to Casualty Hospital, and hope—"

But the distracted father was speeding down three flights of stairs, hatless, and at the foot he was met by the cashier:

"There is a taxi. I've caught it for you, Mr. Evans."

Five minutes later, the father ran into the office of the hospital, demanding to be taken to his child—a request immediately granted.

A basin of bloody water was held by a nurse, and two surgeons were washing more blood from gashes upon the scalp. They scarcely heeded the arrival of the father, the nurse alone giving him a slight nod and a half-smile of recognition and encouragement.

"What has happened? Is he alive? What is it?" was all he could say, and presently one of the surgeons looked up:

"We hope it is not too serious. Perhaps there is no skull fracture, but only a severe concussion. We shall know presently. Please calm yourself."

The steady tone of the surgeon gave Mr. Evans a partial grip upon himself, and he stood at the foot of the cot, transfixed in terror, but fascinated by the sure and skilled movements of the operators. The examination continued for half an hour, but the surgeon turned at last and said:

"We find no sign of fracture, but shall be surer with an X-ray. In the meanwhile all that can be done is to wait. It will probably be hours before consciousness returns. Fortunately the patient appears to be blessed with excellent vitality; he is well nourished and healthy—a fine little man. He has all that in his favor."

The father made no answer. No one inquired how



the accident had happened; that was immaterial. Mr. Evans took his seat beside the cot, where rested all his hope. For an hour he scarcely moved a muscle, never once lifting his eyes from his unconscious child. Then he whispered to the nurse a request for a telegraph blank, that he might wire the mother, and he writes:

"Junior seriously hurt. Unconscious, but surgeons give hope. Come. Answer. George."

He noted that it was 3 o'clock when the message was sent, and he calculated that Gertrude would receive it while at noon lunch—allowing three hours' difference in time. Probably she would catch an afternoon train—yet it would take four days to reach Washington. The interval was torture. By 7 o'clock he ought to receive her answer—possibly earlier, but surely by 7 o'clock, with ordinary service.

Poor Gertrude! Her darling at death's door—and a continent between them!

Sitting beside the bed, in the stillness of the hospital, the editor wrote his last leader for the *Morning Sun*, and the data rejected by the *Twentieth Century Review* now came into good service in the editorial. The basic sketch of conditions was rich in facts and sure in history leading up to the situation. His pen was a caustic, burning mercilessly and burning deep, in denunciation of speculative betrayers of the nation, climaxing with the conspiracy behind the Holt bill. The editorial culminated in direct charges that local financial interests, held, hitherto, in high popular esteem, together with members of Congress, of both parties, were in league to loot industry and profit by the hunger of the masses.

Following this editorial, was a simple announcement that Editor George D. Evans had resigned his connection with the *Sun*, to take effect immediately upon acceptance of the Board of Directors. No reasons were ascribed for the resignation.

Seven o'clock came—the hour when the reply from California was hoped for. Then 8 o'clock—10—midnight arrived. The unconscious child gave no sign of life—nor was there sign of life from far-off California. No word from mother! How strange! How unnatural! No cry from the mother-heart though her first-born—her only—child, was dying!

A tracer at last brought a report from the Pasadena telegraph office, that the message to Mrs. Evans had proved undeliverable, for no one was at home at the address given.

Frantically, then, the journalist in the man awoke, and Mr. Evans sent a wire to the city editor of the *Pasadena Morning Star*, begging him to get the news to his wife—find her. Two hours later the California city editor wired:

"Reporter finds that Mrs. Evans sailed on Foster's

yacht, yesterday, destination unknown. Her mother is in San Francisco."

"Sailed on Foster's yacht? Destination unknown!"

For a fraction of a second, a most fantastic horror startled the overwrought mind of the husband.

"Gertrude! Foster! Destination unknown!"

Sometimes a thunderbolt crashes—and after the crash there is left a sulphurous odor that is of hell.

Sometimes God disappears from his heaven—and the universe shivers in terror.

He was feeling the strain which bends the oak. But reaction was quick—else his mind would have snapped. He felt contempt for his vile suspicion. It must be that the last twelve or fifteen hours were unbalancing him. How unmanly and weak! He was ashamed of himself. The placid face of his unconscious boy seemed to steady him. How like his mother was the child! How beautiful! How immaculate and lovely!

At 4 o'clock in the morning, one of the reporters of the *Sun*, on his way home from the office, stopped to leave the morning papers for Mr. Evans, for he knew well that the father was having an all-night vigil, and he wanted to do his bit to express the sympathy of the staff. Mr. Evans opened the pages of the *Sun* to read his leader.

Yes, there is was, just as written, and he felt the grim satisfaction of a soldier who has spiked the gun ere it falls into the hands of the enemy. There too was his resignation.

Turning to the contemporary—the *Journal*—he read with chagrin, a garbled account of the flare-up in the meeting of the *Sun*'s directors, which the report intimated would be followed with sensational court proceedings. The *Journal* was "yellow" and liked nothing better than a sensational fling at a contemporary; it savored of old-time personal journalism with its smart meannesses.

Upon the front page of the *Journal*, in a screamer that spread across the page, was the news of a "Mysterious Murder Tragedy" in California. The multi-millionaire, Charles Foster, had been found murdered, on his yacht, as she lay at anchor in the bay. Two columns of details, partly in blackface twelve-point, told the tale of the roue's debauchery and previous escapades, in which several society women had disgraced themselves. At last the victim of his own baseness had been stabbed in the heart with a slender stiletto—by, a beautiful woman.

There was no definite clue to the murderer, but all the crew of the yacht had been taken into custody, as material witness. The discovery of a magnificent ruby necklace, upon the stateroom floor—broken, and some

of the jewels scattered—proved that robbery had not been the motive. "*Cherchez la femme!*"

The crew told conflicting stories, as to details but agreed on the main lines: A beautiful lady had been entertained all day, and they had sailed far out to sea, expecting to return before dusk, but had been delayed by some engine trouble, and did not reach anchorage until late in the evening, and the steward testified that he heard the lady consent reluctantly to remain on board until morning, owing to a fog in the bay.

The lady was the only guest. She had dark hair and eyes, with the shell-like complexion of an Italian—so the steward declared. All day, she had worn this hundred-thousand-dollar ruby necklace belonging to Mr. Foster, and she had toyed incessantly with it, while she sang to her host, or conversed in low tones.

Shortly after they had retired to their staterooms, the lady's voice was heard in angry tones—then a scuffle and a fall. About fifteen minutes later, the lady came upon deck cloaked for departure, and she insisted that a boat take her to shore, fog or no fog—offering to pay the crew twenty dollars for the trip to land. Half an hour after her departure, the steward found his employer dead, and gave the alarm.

The report added, as circumstantially as it could, a statement of a detective, that the wife of a well-known journalist of the East was suspected of having been the guest of the yachtsman, but up to the hour of going to press, she had not been found.

The hospital lights gleamed pale and vacuous. Day was creeping into the windows, like a grey wolf-skulking through a fog. A cold drizzle was falling; there was no sunrise.

The nurse came, from time to time, to watch the unconscious patient—to bathe his face and chafe his hands and feet, and—woman-like—to pray that the child should be spared to his yearning parents.

She saw the strong face of the father, as he sat, rigid—upright—his eyes half-open. He was evidently in a deep sleep, for in spite of his stiffened posture, he seemed unaware of her presence. He moved not an eyelash, nor did he change in the slightest, when clanging fire engines fought a burning building, across the street, and all the hospital was in a semi-panic.

Two or three hours passed thus, and then an interne made his first morning inspection, and by accident, touched the hand of the unconscious watcher, and was startled by its clamminess. A quick investigation showed that it was not sleep, but—was it apoplexy? Almost—at least a deathly fainting and an approach to an apoplectic stroke. A cot was rolled alongside that of the child, and the doctors and nurses worked assiduously to restore consciousness. His collapse astonished the

head surgeon who arrived for his morning round before consciousness had been regained.

"Why, it is strange. I noted him yesterday when he arrived, and we were examining his child. He controlled his anxiety then against the shock and suspense; he seemed to have prodigious will-power. I see no reason for this breakdown. Extraordinary case."

The door opened, and there was the swish of a woman's swift crossing to the cot of the boy. No word! No cry—just a ghostlike whiteness of face and a wild gesture of agony. Nurses and doctors needed not to be told it was the mother. They were awed, and gave way to the supreme right of motherhood.

She looked upon the deadly pallor of her child, smoothed the hair back from his brow, clasped his hands in both of hers—then looked up in piteous appeal to the surgeons—an appeal of inquiry—wordless, out of the depths of agony.

The chief surgeon advanced—and smiled—for as he drew near, his trained eye caught a quiver in the eyelids of his patient. He smiled and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the woman, and said:

"He is coming to consciousness; he will live."

Then she sobbed.

But through her tears, she caught sight of the father and was frightened by his stony ghastliness. He had recovered his consciousness, but his eyes started wildly from their sockets, as they looked at the Morning Journal with its California tragedy, and then upon the woman beside his child. He thought he had lost his reason, and that Gertrude's presence was a cruel delusion, added to his grief over the child's peril.

He remembered her letter of yesterday—she was in California then—he remembered the telegram, saying she was on Foster's yacht—then the tragedy! To suffer such a delusion that that was Gertrude now, beside their stricken child—Oh, that was a delusion too cruel for hell. Ha! Was that blood or rubies? She was on Foster's yacht, when Foster was murdered—last night. She could not be found! Oh, his mind could not endure! Could not endure!

The boy stirred and opened wide his eyes, and looking upon his mother, stretched up his arms weakly to clasp her neck. After a few minutes of mothering, of soothing her child, Gertrude turned to her no less stricken husband, whose uncanny stare had followed her every movement and was boring into her soul.

"He is better, dear, the doctor says he will recover."

She spoke with a mixture of joy and anxiety.

"Why—why do you look at me so, dear? Don't you understand? The doctor says he is out of danger—he will live. Why—Oh, speak to me George. What is it?"

"Oh the cruelty of such a delusion! You look just like my Gertrude! I'm glad she killed him, but oh, I wish I could have done it. Not Gertrude—sweet,



gentle Gertrude! No—no! Not my Gertrude for that! Will they capture her—try her for murder?"

"Here, here, man! Stop that nonsense! This is your wife. Your boy is out of danger. Come to your senses!"

The surgeon clapped his hands and spoke sharply, with authority, for he was versed in hypnotic control, and recognized that his patient was beside himself.

Mr. Evans looked dazedly—submissively—at the doctor, then at his wife, and finally at his conscious boy. Then he held out his arms and clasped Gertrude and kissed her lips.

The nurses and interne withdrew from the room, the surgeon stepped behind a screen.

"How did you come so quickly, dear? Why didn't you answer my telegram?"

"Why, darling, I've been four days on the way. I got so homesick that I just couldn't stay another minute, and so I started on the next train after mailing you a long letter saying I wanted to stay another month—if you and Junior could join me. I thought I would give you a happy surprise, so I didn't notify you."

"Then it wasn't you, my Gertrude, who was on Foster's yacht, last night?"

"Foolish boy! What are you talking about? The train was seven hours late, on account of a bridge burned, or I'd have arrived before midnight, last night. I never saw Charley Foster's yacht. How could I have been on it, last night, when I am three thousand miles away? Why do you ask? Mother and I met Charley Foster, at a garden party, at his fine home, as I wrote you, but next day, I heard some horrid gossip about him, which of course would have barred my ever recognizing him again, if I had stayed in Pasadena—but I left, the day after."

"I am glad, dear Gertrude."

"Why, how serious you look! What is it all about?"

"The Journal says: '*Cherchez la femme*,' but never mind, dear."

Two weeks later, Mr. Evans received a letter from Dr. Hinshaw, dated at Mountain Springs, New Hampshire, the reputed retreat of the president-elect. It read, in part, as follows:

"I believe you are aware that the president-elect is one of 'my boys.' He is one of whom I am very proud. He persists in deferring to his old professor, but we are as college chums together, for he declares that his new rank puts him on a level with his professor.

"Last evening we had a talk on matters of state—the first since my coming. I had occasion to discuss the Holt Bill—with which he is thoroughly familiar—and I told him, confidentially, the story of our recent board meeting, and your strong position and sturdy conscience. I had a clipping of your masterly editorial on the Holt Bill, from the issue following our meeting.

"He recalled your record and qualification, as set forth in the recommendations for a diplomatic appointment, and he expressed personal regret at the Senator's withdrawal of his support. Then, after subsiding into deep reflection for some minutes—which I knew was leading to something—he looked up and said:

"'Doctor Hinshaw, I am not asking senatorial advice now, in selecting my personal representative, and I want the biggest man I can find, to help adjust the world-tangle—a strong man who can not be handled. I want George D. Evans as my confidential representative on a mission to Europe in connection with the world readjustment.'

"He asked me to request you to slip up here, quietly for conference.

Yours truly,

William Blackstone Hinshaw."

Somehow, as George D. Evans read the letter, his memory turned whimsically to the scene in his office, when the messenger boy shook his fist at him and shouted:

"He alone is great

Who, by heroic action, Conquers Fate!"

### The Lover.

He wailed aloud for Christ to come  
And free his heart, and free his soul,  
From love's control.

He cursed his limbs for their desire,  
And writhed because lust bit his flesh,  
And wove a mesh

Of ecstasy and utmost pain  
Around the hours he weed for love  
And wearied of.

All day he begged of Christ for calm,  
He prayed to Him all night for sleep,  
Or strength to weep,

Or for chaste hands to cool his fire;  
Or dew to wet his withering lips.  
Under love's whips

He moaned that life could torture so,  
That he could hold so much dumb pain  
Within his brain.

And yet, when he could love no more  
He knew futility, and said,  
Christ is dead!

ELSA GIDLÖW.

# New York Theatres

By G. B. and WILLIAM ARCHER

WANTED so much to write something enthusiastic or at least pleasing in these pages. Something that would fill your heart with joy and tell you how to get rid of the loneliness of spring evenings in the metropolis. My good star led me to the Provincetown Players the other evening. Two years ago I said in these pages that the Provincetown Players are the only sincere group of enthusiasts in this United States, actors actually striving for an ideal stage. Artists, actors and playwright take equal parts and seem to aspire to a unity on the stage for no other reason but artistic perfection.

I found them in the same old barn on Macdougall Street. I arrived a little late. The play was in progress. I did not know the name of play or author; I did not know who the actors were. I listened. I was intensely interested, entranced by the spell of the stage.

The "parlor" of an old-fashioned western farmhouse. An old, apparently quarrelsome, woman in a rocking chair, rocking forth and back. This constant rocking, her being seated in one end of the room, while two men sat at the table in another corner, was real American life. The two old men dressed in the uniforms of Civil

War veterans. The time is 1879 and they have just come in from a patriotic celebration of the Grand Army of the Republic: fascinating types. The two Americans who have made this country what it is. The one a Yankee. Originally from somewhere in New England, a homesteader on the frontiers in the early days. A man who has toiled for forty years, clearing the government land given him, tilling it foot by foot, defending it against the onslaught of the Indians who had not given up hope then of regaining their earthly hunting grounds.

His friend, the man with the empty sleeve pinned to his chest, his neighbor; a Hungarian revolutionist, who came over after the liberation of Hungary had failed. The noble Hungarian who had given up riches and security because he did not want to bow to kings after having tasted freedom during the months of the Hungarian rising. He had come to America because here was the liberty he had dreamed of, here was the democracy he had struggled for in vain in his native country. Naturally, when the Union fought for its existence the Hungarian was not slow in offering himself to his adopted country.

The Yankee cleared the soil and laid it at the feet of the man with vision and ideals who had come from far across the sea. On this day the old homesteader discloses to his friend the pet scheme of his life. There is a hill surrounded by fertile fields, the jewel of all his possessions. A river flows nearby and the Yankee is constantly beseeched by real estate men and manufacturers to sell this tract of land for their purposes. Large amounts of money have been offered him, which he refused against the wishes of his wife. "This hill," the Yankee tells his friend, "must be left intact. I want a college on this hill. How often after the toil of days I climbed this hill to rest. The air was free, and I seemed near the sky, the land lay at my feet; I saw it transformed from prairies and forests into growing, fertile fields, houses rising here and there, later villages, and now there is the great city. I want this hill to be an inspiration for the whole countryside as it has been to me.

The curtain fell. I knew I had not witnessed a great play, I had not seen great acting, but a certain something had taken place on the stage that was so much part of real life that it gripped me, establishing that rare bridge between actor and onlooker. I read the program: "Inheritors" is the name of the play, by Susan Glaspell. Soon the curtain rose again. The college library. The Yankee's dream had come true. The son of the Hungarian citizen who helped establish this college, now a banker in the nearby town, is the president of the board



Jasper Deetor-Fanatical Farmer Iva Morton in  
"Inheritors" By Ivan Opfer.



of trustees of the college. A true type of second generation of American. There is a talk between him and one of the teachers of the college. This teacher is an idealist who had studied in Athens ten years of his life, had met the founder of the college, the old Yankee, years ago, and joined in his work because there was so much "Hellenic spirit" in the old man's idealism. The college president reprimands him. He must not talk in these dangerous times of war as unguardedly as he does. The scene is set in 1917. It is clearly brought out how this underpaid college professor with a sick wife and a family must either sacrifice his idealism or see his dear ones in dire need. A typical senator is introduced, a state legislator, a one hundred per cent. American. Then there is a scene on the campus. Hindoo students will be expelled because they are pioneers for Indian freedom. The granddaughter of the Yankee founder of the college, a charming, clear-eyed and broad-minded girl, takes the part of the Hindoos during riots that lead to their arrest. She is the type of Mollie Steimer.

The third act made it clear that art had been sacrificed for propaganda purposes. The play in itself is unimportant and will go into oblivion as sixty-nine others of the seventy-one produced by the Provincetown Players during their career of the last year. But the two characters of the first act are superb. And some day when *such* characters will people our stages and the nation at large will be given a chance to see life as it was and is here in America, theatregoers will leave the playhouse with a new joy of life in their hearts, will not hurry to cabarets and cheap dancing halls to kill the rest of the evening, but walk home beneath the starry sky in deep meditation. Love will creep into their hearts on sly feet from some cobwebbed corner where it had been forgotten all these years: love for humanity, the first consciousness of universal brotherhood and the joy of living.

I have grown solemn, I am afraid. Yes, Frank Harris is right. Municipal theatres are not negligible places of amusement, but churches of the nation. And therefore he puts them foremost in his program for "the kingdom of man on earth." G. B.

#### WILLIAM ARCHER ON NEW YORK'S DRAMA.

William Archer, although a Scotchman, and usually very chary of his praise, is quite enthusiastic about the plays that are being given in New York this season. The first thing that interests him is the largeness of our play-going public. He says our audiences are three times as large as the London audiences, and of course we have many more theatres. He finds greater variety in the New York plays and attributes this to our hospitality to foreign art—French, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian, to say nothing of the "little theatres" like the Provincetown Players and the excellent little group that



*James Light in "Inheritors" By Ivan Opfer.*

are offering "The Playboy of the Western World," by Synge, at the Bramhall Playhouse.

He remarks on the fact that Bernard Shaw's "Heart-break House," which has not been presented to London's play-goers at all, has run here for four months and had continual packed houses; and he is pleased to find Barrie's "Marie Rose," and "The Skin Game" of Galsworthy.

Then there was a play from the Danish, "Samson and Delilah," with a Yiddish actor, Ben-Ami, who was very successful; there was a drama from the French, "The Woman of Bronze," somewhat old-fashioned, but very popular, in which Miss Margaret Anglin was playing with great success.

The American plays please him just as much: "Of native American plays there was one called 'Lightnin',' which had been running for three years, and in which there is an actor, Frank Bacon, who gives such a beautiful performance that I believe it would be very successful if it were brought here (London)." Praise like this is worth-while, because Mr. Archer knows what he is talking about. He also likes "The First Year" and Miss Zona Gale's middle-western play, "Miss Lulu Bett," and makes special mention of Mr. Holbrook Blinn's acting in "The Bad Man." "Little Old New York" he finds charming.

It is good to notice that he thinks well—very well—of Mr. Eugene O'Neill—calls him "a dramatist of great note . . . a man of real originality," whose most notable work, he thinks, is "Beyond the Horizon." I wonder if he saw "The Emperor Jones," and what he thinks of it. E. G.

# The Ring

By Frank Harris.

**I**N my morning paper there was a paragraph stating that a Chippendale chair at Christy's had fetched £1,250; the purchaser being Mr. Lewis the well-known dealer of St. James' Street, whom I happened to know. Another paragraph announced that the gem of the famous Salter collection, a Chinese vase of exceptional beauty had fallen to the same bidder for five thousand guineas. To increase the wonder the reporter added that the vase was only eight inches in height and a little chipped.

A day or two later, I happened to be walking down King Street when the awed comments of the journalist came into my head and instinctively I followed some people who were going up the steps into Christy's.

It was an ordinary day in the saleroom, and there was the ordinary assembly of forty or fifty rather listless people, and over all, the peculiarly English air of quiet decorum and respectability. It was easy to resolve the crowd into its elements: the majority of the visitors had evidently wandered in out of mere curiosity without any intention of buying; the little knot of dealers held together, Jews for the most part, of ordinary types; but all quietly dressed, and in spite of a somewhat aggressive bearing, quiet in manner, the place evidently exercising a certain restraint. Sitting a little apart and with her back to me was a lady in black, with a boy of five or six by her side. There was something familiar to me in her appearance; but it was difficult to get a view of her face without obtruding myself on her notice and so I stayed where I was. Among the dealers I soon noticed Lewis: indeed his bold hawk features, fine height and powerful figure, would have made him conspicuous in almost any company. He nodded to me as soon as he saw me, with a friendly smile on the handsome challenging face. His hair was getting thin I noticed, gummy-bags too were showing under the large brown eyes; the chin and jowl had lost their firm outline—"Lewis is ageing," I said to myself, "suffering from too much prosperity——"

Meanwhile the sale went on in the quiet, casual way that the English have made the accepted manner of gentlefolk throughout the world.

A beautiful Chippendale tray in mahogany with a wavy border raised on little pillars, a very beautiful homely thing, at once useful and decorative, delicate yet strong, had just been put up.

"A Chippendale tray," said the auctioneer, "will some one give me a bid to begin with; say, £5?"

"Five shillin'," retorted a voice with a strong German accent.

I noticed that the lady drew the child closer to her as she heard the harsh voice.

"Five shillings; seven; ten; ten shillings," repeated the auctioneer, and then paused.

Instinctively I looked at the lady in black; but she gave no sign.

The auctioneer swept the room with his eyes:

"Only ten shillings: ten shillings for this genuine Chippendale tray"; then (resignedly), "going at ten shillings, going, gone," and the hammer fell.

The lady's head seemed to bend a little. In spite of myself I had begun to be interested. The subdued air, the tone of quiet good manners, the smooth rapidity with which object succeeded object did not deceive me: beneath the surface there was a throbbing of hope and fear, a breathless interest; in fact the strain of life itself caught me, and before I knew it my heart was beating in excitement and I was all ears, all eyes. . . .

One thing struck me immediately. None of the rich dealers ever asked to have the things shown to them. When a vase was passed from hand to hand, they never glanced at it. Evidently they knew all about the various lots; they had examined them beforehand carefully. I remembered that there is always a preliminary day or two set aside for such examination. It is only the amateur, who wants to look at something at the very moment of the sale, and naturally such a casual person is at a considerable disadvantage.

A good many things like this had become clear to me, when two very beautiful powdered blue vases were put up. I had already noticed that the best thing in the collection were Chinese works of art.

I asked for a catalogue, and found that the sale was that of Sir Robert Winthrop. Of course the lady in black was Lady Winthrop whom I had known years before as Mrs. Winthrop. Winthrop, I guessed, had died recently. He had spent twenty or thirty years of his life in China and was supposed to have known a great deal about Chinese art and Chinese customs. I had never been intimate with the Winthrops: one only saw them at long intervals when they visited London on leave; but Mrs. Winthrop had interested me. In the stagnant leisure of her Chinese life she had given herself to reading English and had a really astonishing knowledge of English literature and in especial of English poetry. I wondered vaguely what she had been reading lately; whether she had been left well off or not, and then what those vases would fetch. . . .

"Thirty pounds, guineas: thirty guineas; no bid be-



and thirty guineas, going at thirty guineas; at thirty guineas going, going, gone."

The tap seemed to be a groan. Lady Winthrop half rose; turned and looked a little wildly round the room and then sat down again.

I felt oppressed. "Thirty guineas" for such a pair of vases was absurd. I resolved to bid rather than let the next set go at such an absurd price.

The next lot happened to be another pair of powdered blue vases just as fine as the first pair: they seemed to light up the dull room with a supernal joyous radiance.

"Two beautiful vases," said the auctioneer slowly, "powdered blue, supposed to be unique, gentlemen; you must really begin to bid; what price shall we say, will you give me a lead?"—he seemed to look at Lewis, I thought.

I expected the first bid to be something decent: to my astonishment it was "five pounds." Even the auctioneer seemed loath to begin at such a figure:

"Five pounds is bid," he said, "will no one say fifty pounds?"

The dealer looked boredom at each other: one yawned openly.

"Say fifty," said the auctioneer, but there was no response.

"Five pounds then," he began.

"Fifty," said a gentleman suddenly.

Lady Winthrop, I noticed, half turned her head, as if to see who had spoken.

"Fifty," repeated the auctioneer dispassionately, then more rapidly:

"Sixty; seventy; seventy-five."

"A hundred," interjected the gentleman-bidder.

Lewis who had not seemed interested in the bidding now looked up at the auctioneer.

"Guineas," said the auctioneer in response. "A hundred guineas."

"A hundred and fifty," said the gentleman. At this I noticed that Mr. Lamb, the famous dealer of Bond Street, looked at Lewis and nodded; then he detached himself from the group of dealers and moved away as if to leave. In a moment the atmosphere of the room had reached fever heat: the gentleman was evidently a competitor of importance. When the bidding reached two hundred, he said "three": he was the stoker, so to speak; every big rise was due to him.

At five hundred pounds there was a pause, then a glance of understanding passed between Lewis and the auctioneer, and the price again was guineas: Five hundred and twenty-five. The gentleman made it six hundred, seven hundred again was his bid.

From the beginning the bidding had been irregular, the gentleman jumping to round figures, while Lewis seemed to go up reluctantly by fives. It was a duel between them.

"A thousand pounds," was bid by the gentleman. Again Lewis' eyelids just dropped and the auctioneer immediately said, "One thousand guineas." Without hesitation the gentleman replied with "One thousand one hundred," and in a few minutes the bidding had reached One thousand five hundred, "and five"—was due I was sure, to Lewis.

"Two thousand," said the auctioneer a little later, rolling the thousand unctuously under his tongue: "two thousand," and there was silence in the room. "Two thousand guineas," he went on; it was the gentleman's last bid. Lewis looked up—two thousand one hundred and five. "Going at two thousand one hundred and five," repeated the auctioneer: "will no one make it two thousand two hundred? No advance on two thousand one hundred and five? Going at two thousand one hundred and five; going, going, gone."

Without a word the next lot was put up, but to my astonishment most of the dealers drew nearer while both Lewis and Lamb prepared to leave.

The scene had interested me intensely. I wanted to see Lady Winthrop, but I could visit her later. The first thing to do was to try to understand the extraordinary discrepancy in the auction price of things. A pair of powdered blue vases had fetched thirty guineas, while another pair hardly to be distinguished from them had fetched two thousand one hundred and five pounds: seventy times as much—and mere fact filled me with wonder, sharpened my curiosity. What could be the explanation of this extravagant difference? I took pains to meet Lewis in the doorway. His greeting was full-voiced and even more cordial than usual.

"Haven't seen you for some time," he said, and he threw to his rival, Lamb, a cheery "Good-day" and a quick glance of understanding. We went down the steps together.

"Won't you come and have a drink," I said, "and explain the auction to me?"

"Not a drink, my boy," he replied. "I'm getting a little stout. My doctor tells me to stop drink. It does me no good in the morning and afternoon. You see I do myself pretty well at lunch and dinner, and don't get as much exercise as I used to."

"Don't you ride in the park, now?" I cried, drawing the bow at a venture.

"No time for it," he said. "I'm beginning to make a little bit now."

I laughed. "Your little bit must be something enormous, for ever since I have known you, and it's twenty years now, you have been making more than a bit."

"I've done pretty well, thank you," he replied, rubbing his hands together. "But I wish I did not get so stout. I've bought a little place in the country and taken up golf. You must come down and see us one day. The Missis would like you to come. She says you play good

Bridge. I've enough to do playing in the shop. I like a bit of a stroll when I'm at home."

"No, no," he replied, "I'm at Hampstead every evening. I go down to Chobham from Friday to Monday in the motor. I start about noon, if there's no big sale on. The big 'uns seldom begin before noon." All this while we were walking down towards the famous shop in St. James' Street. When we had come to the door he said:

"Won't you come in and look around? I've got some rather good things since you were here last—miniatures, snuff-boxes? You don't care for miniatures?"

I shook my head. "Was it you," I questioned, "who bought that—Chippendale tray? I should like that."

"Tray?" he said, as if not remembering at once.

"Yes, that pretty Chippendale tray."

"Ob yes," he said, "you can have it if you like, I'll send it to you when I know what it costs."

"It cost you ten shillings," I said.

He stopped and looked at me quickly, and then a smile spread over his face and he shook his head:

"That tray is certain to cost me between five and ten pounds and cheap at the price."

"How do you make that out?" I cried. "You got it for ten shillings. I saw you nod to the auctioneer, and yours was the last bid."

"Well, I can only tell you that you shall have it for what it costs me, if you want it. You can't expect to get it cheaper than that, can you?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "I only want a fair price. And what about that pair of powdered blue vases you got for thirty guineas; I felt very much inclined to bid myself, but I did not want to bid against you."

"It would have done you no good, if you had, nor me any harm," and he laughed loudly.

"What do you mean?" I probed further. "I should like that pair of blue vases, but I suppose they would be beyond my purse?" I added questioning.

"What do you think they're worth?" he asked turning to me.

"I know nothing of the market-value," I replied; "but I thought them a beautiful pair of vases and I'd have given £100 for them very willingly."

"You ought to be in our business," he remarked drily. "I reckon those vases will cost £300 anyway and they'd be cheap at double that price."

"My goodness," I exclaimed, "what profit you'll make. Fancy buying them for thirty guineas!"

"No, no, no," he cried impatiently. "I told you they would cost me £300 not £30 and probably more than £300. I should not be surprised if they cost me £500 or even £600 if I wanted them, but I don't. They will go to Brown of Bond Street."

"I am entirely at sea," I said. "If a tray which is knocked down to you at ten shillings, costs you five or ten pounds, and a pair of blue vases knocked down to you

at thirty guineas are sure to cost you from £300 to £500 and are worth at least £700, I'm at a loss. I do not know what it all means."

"That's just it," he remarked indulgently. "You don't, but if you had these vases at £500 you'd have a bargain. But when are you coming out to Chobham? The little place I've got is just beyond the village."

"I'd be delighted to come next Saturday," I said, "if I may stay till Monday."

"Come on Friday," he replied cordially, "and I'll motor you down; be here at four o'clock. Then I'll let you know what the tray'll cost you, and the vases too, if you want 'em. I haven't seen as fine a pair these five years. I liked 'em better than the next pair that fetched two thousand odd."

"Wonder on wonder!" I cried. "You must explain it all to me at Chobham."

"Alright," he replied cheerfully, "don't be late."

We parted in all kindness. I have more than respect for Lewis. I like and admire him greatly. Again and again he has given me good advice about the value of things, and he has gone through life as a conqueror. We are friends in the modern meaning of the word and have been ever since we first met. I came across him first in a P and O boat from Australia to London. He was a young man in the steerage. I was struck with his face and resolute cheery manner and got into conversation with him. As a young man he was very handsome. Five feet nine or ten in height, broad shouldered, with eagle nose and bold hazel eyes, and a good-humored, frank expression of countenance.

Five years later I met him in a little shop in Wardour Street. He had been a cabman, he told me, and had saved a little money and had married a girl he had fallen in love with, and a very pretty girl she was. With her "torch" he had taken the little shop in Wardour Street, and already he knew more about English furniture of the latter part of the eighteenth century, which was then coming into vogue, and more about Chinese porcelain too, than anyone I've ever met. He had learnt it all, he told me, in the British Museum. He spent all his spare time there and in South Kensington. He wanted to know all there was to be known about his hobby.

His next translation was to the great shop in St. James' Street and he explained the jump to me in the most natural manner.

"I heard," he said, "that the Thomasson collection was for sale. I got in to see it. Never mind how, but I meant getting in and I succeeded, and I saw every piece of it, and priced them at their lowest. The collection was worth about £80,000 I estimated, and would fetch that under the hammer. Besides it contained the finest Hawthorne vase that had ever been seen in Europe and half-a-dozen other matchless pieces. I had a good customer,



Mr. Alfred R—, one of the great banking house. I went to him and told him about the collection, said I thought a bid of £40,000 would buy it. I intended to offer £25,000 if he would let me have the money at five per cent., and if so (and this was the bait) he should have the Hawthorne vase for nothing, and two or three other fine pieces. He told me at once that he would let me have the money. After I had arranged with his lawyer as to the way it should be repaid (of course he was to have full possession of the things till the whole amount of principal and interest was paid off), I went to work. I managed to buy the Thomasson collection for £27,000 and moved to this shop on the strength of it. I got thirty-five thousand pounds for half the collection within the year, and have never looked back since. I've brought all my brothers up to the trade and set 'em all up in it, and they're all doing well."

The practical ability of the man was manifest—his energy, special knowledge and good-humoured determination, above all his intuitive understanding of men and their desires. I guessed that I should get from Lewis a very complete insight into what had puzzled me at Christy's.

I met him on the Friday afternoon and he took me in his big Renault through the Surrey lanes to Chobham. I was not surprised to find his place an exceedingly picturesque old English manor house set in some five hundred acres of beautiful park. And the inside of the house surpassed the outside. Every piece of furniture was picked with expert knowledge and taste and every ornament as well. The pictures were few, but good. Yet the house was cosy and nest-like. Mrs. Lewis had grown a little stouter but was still pretty and even more intelligent seemingly than when a girl. The pair had no children, but their mutual understanding was perfect, their happiness manifest, or at least their self-content. After an excellent dinner I got Lewis by himself in his "den" and brought him to book about the sale.

"I want to know all about it," I said, "and how you explain thirty guineas for one pair of vases and two thousand for another, certainly no better."

"It's the 'Ring,'" he replied, "and I've got into it—that's all!"

"Now what may you mean exactly by the 'Ring'?" I persisted.

"Well," he replied, "it simply means I was rich enough and resolute enough to force my way in. Of course they didn't want me at first: but they had to have me," and he laughed.

"You forget," I cried, "I don't know what the 'Ring' is. Tell me about it: how it came to be and what it does, and then tell me how you got into it."

"The 'Ring' is made up of a dozen or more of the biggest London dealers," he explained. "They bid for

all the big things, and sometimes for the little things too; in fact, for whatever they want; but chiefly for the best things.

"If any outsider bids against them, they run the article up to about the shop price of it, and if he goes to the top price or a bit above it, they let him have it. Generally of course, he is choked off mid-way; the dealers then buy it in. For example Brown or I would have given up to two thousand pounds for the first pair of vases rather than let any outsider have 'em. As no one bid seriously for 'em they were knocked down at thirty guineas, but that's not the price of 'em or the value of 'em even to us."

"What do you mean by the value to you?" I insisted. "Explain yourself."

"Surely it must be clear to you now," he replied. "No? Well. After the sale we dealers meet together and have an auction of our own. For instance the first pair of vases was put up again among ourselves in the 'Ring.' I told you they might fetch anything between three and five hundred pounds. As a matter of fact they fetched six hundred in the 'Ring.' Brown bought them; he first paid me my own thirty guineas and then we divided the other five hundred and sixty odd pounds between ourselves in the 'Ring.' Brown has got the vases to sell: they cost him six hundred and sixty as a member of the 'Ring.' If you want 'em I can get 'em from him at a decent advance, say for seven hundred and fifty or eight hundred pounds, telling him they are for a special friend of mine. Then they'd be cheap, dirt cheap."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "the owner then only gets thirty guineas for something which is absolutely worth seven hundred at the lowest."

He nodded smiling.

"But suppose you run it up too high in competition with some amateur: what do you do then?"

"The proceeding is just the same," he replied. "We dealers get together and bid for the thing, and if it fetches less than I paid for it the 'Ring' makes it up to me. As a matter of fact the other pair was taken by Lamb at fifteen hundred and the 'Ring' had to make up a cheque to me for six hundred and five pounds."

"I see," I cried, "I see:—restricted competition among yourselves and a common interest. Do you know, my dear Lewis, your 'Ring' is a sort of ideal society, and if there were any statesmen in England, and not a ghastly crew of self-seeking politicians, your 'Ring' might give the idea of a working model of society in the future. If one could get a sense of the common good into Mr. Balfour's head and a sense of the value of strictly limited competition into Mr. Asquith's, one might begin to have some hope for the future of England."

"You had better tell 'em that," laughed Lewis. "We find the 'Ring' works alright, thank you."

"But what difference in money does it make to you

to be in the 'Ring'?"

"It fluctuates," he answered; "one can't say. I have had some years before I got into the 'Ring' nearly as profitable as the present ones, but now my income is fairly regular—about £40,000 a year, I suppose."

"But being in the 'Ring' has made a difference to you?" I persisted.

"Oh yes," he replied, "an enormous difference in comfort and security. You see the 'Ring' does away with the evils of competition—waste, risk and anxiety."

"How true!" I cried. "What a statesman you are!"

"I was not the inventor of it," he answered frankly, "but I know what it is to be up against it, and what it is to be inside it."

"How did you get inside?" I queried.

"How do you get anything in this world," he cried, "but by fighting for it, eh? You have to fight for everything worth having, and if it does not cost a fight, it is not worth much."

"*Tout se paie*" as Napoleon used to say," I answered "everything has to be paid for."

"That's it," he cried, the fine eagle eyes lighting up, "everything: that's it exactly."

"Now tell me how you got into the 'Ring': I said stretching myself in the armchair.

"I just made it hot for them," he answered simply. "Of course I knew Lamb and Levine were the heads of the business, and one day I told them I wanted to be in with them. They smiled at me and pretended not to understand what I meant.

"*Dere vos no "Ring,"*" said Levine; *"I vos Jokin."*

"I told them I would try and make the joke clear to them in the auction room, and I did make it clear to them, over and over again," and he laughed heartily.

"But how, how?" I asked.

"Surely you understand?" he wondered.

"No; I want the 'i's' dotted, and the 't's' crossed."

"Well you see, I knew Levine's business and Lamb's business too, pretty well, knew the sort of thing that they had commissions to buy, what they really wanted, and I took care that they paid top price for them. For instance I knew today that Lamb wanted that pair of powdered blue vases; before he made a sign to me. I could guess where they are going: he will get three thousand sovereigns for them from Sir V. M.— Well, then if I had still been outside the 'Ring,' I should have run then up to three thousand pounds and then bowed to him and let him have 'em. As it is he can make a thousand pounds clear without any trouble. But if I had run 'em up against him, he would have had to be content probably with the difference between pounds and guineas. He could hardly ask his client four thousand for them, that would be a bit too thick. Well, whenever there was a pet piece he wanted, I made him and Levine go all the way to get it, and sometimes a bit further." And again

the eagle eyes lit up with the fire of combat and victory.

"But surely fighting like that," I objected, "you must have got hit sometimes. Now and then they must have scored and made you pay high for some things you did not want?"

"Of course," he rejoined, laughing outright, "of course they did and oftener than I care to remember. You see they are pretty able men both of 'em, with very long purses to boot. . . .

"In the six months the fight went on, I lost something like ten thousand pounds, but each of them lost a bit more than I did, and the richer a man is, the more he hates to lose any of it. See?" and he twinkled.

"How did the fight come to an end?" I asked.

"One morning," he replied, "I got 'em both, right and left: caught 'em napping; went off cheap with the pieces they wanted. At first I was thinkin' how to rub it in; when suddenly it came to me that that was not my game. When I reached the shop I sat down and sent Levine the one piece and Lamb the other, with a little note, saying they had cost me so much, and I thought it was more sensible for us to work together than to fight. That afternoon I got notes from both, thanking me and an invitation from Levine to come and dine with him. I went and there I found Lamb and the rest of the 'Ring.' They said I had knocked so loudly at the door, and so often, that they thought I wanted to come in.

"I told 'em that once inside I'd try and behave myself, which seemed to please 'em, and now we're all good friends. You see we all know each other—and I think they're beginning to like me," he added thoughtfully—"I don't mind going to a bit of trouble to please 'em and I'm not greedy. . . ."

"I don't quite follow you," I remarked. "I thought there was no sentiment in business."

"Sometimes sentiment pays better than selfishness," he replied, and his eyes held mine.

"You see I'm about every day: they're both very rich men and don't work so hard as they used to. Anything I see that's likely to suit them, I just buy it and send it along with my card and the price that it cost me. I've fallen right a good many times and they're beginning to like me. . . ."

"Suppose you went wrong," I said; "they'd send the piece back to you?"

"They did that pretty often at first," he said, "but they know now I'm generally right, and so they keep the things. I'm always quite willing to have 'em back; for at the price I give an idiot couldn't lose over them. . . ."

The strong clear voice emphasized the expression of the hard-beaked nose and naked eyes.

I had rather a good time at Lewis. With the large generosity which is a part of him, he insisted that I must take away with me a terra cotta bust of a Venetian noble



man of the sixteenth century that I had admired in his smoking-room. When I told him I could only take it by paying for it, he said:

"Send twenty pounds to the Jewish Schools: that'll pay for me."

"But you never got that bust for twenty pounds," I persisted. "It's worth two hundred."

"It did not cost me quite twenty pounds, transport, interest and all," he retorted. "I must not cheat the charity," he added laughing. . . .

A week or two later I called on Lady Winthrop. I found the house in disorder, they were evidently moving. When she came into the room I noticed that she, too had aged in the last five years, aged greatly. Her hair was getting grey and her eyes were not as bright as they used to be, but they were still patient and thoughtful, perhaps more resigned in expression than they had been. Life tames all of us, but she was not afraid of seeing life as it is, this little woman, and of playing her gentle part in it.

"I had no idea you were back," I began, "or of anything that has happened to you: I, too, have been abroad. I just dropped in at Christy's the other day, by chance, and saw you."

"Yes," she said sympathetically, "a strange sale, wasn't it? Some of the things fetched thousands, more even than Robert ever thought they'd fetch, though he was a wonderful judge. But some of them went for shameful, absurd prices. There ought to have been a reserve put on them, I'm told now. Still, I did my best and the man at Christy's seemed kind."

"I'm afraid a reserve would not have helped you much," I said. "You ought to have got a few friends to have gone to the sale and bid for you—But it's hard to know what to do: the 'Ring' is so strong."

"The 'Ring'?" she questioned, and as I didn't reply, she added a little eagerly, "a friends of ours brought the great amateur Lord L—— to bid for some of the things. He sent a pair of vases up to two thousand one hundred and five pounds, though another pair had gone just before for thirty guineas, which George said were better. But for Lord L—— I don't see why I should trouble you with my worries," and she smiled bravely.

"What are the worries?" I asked. "Tell me: I may be able to help you. Sometimes even to talk about our troubles makes them easier to face."

She nodded gratefully.

"You see we have to leave this house: it is too dear for us now, and Vernon, my eldest boy, will have to change into an Indian regiment, and give up Polo and my eldest girl, Lea, talks of going on the stage—Oh! I had hoped out of Robert's collection to have had at least fifteen thousand or twenty thousand pounds and have kept all my children with me . . ." her lips quivered.

"How much did you get?"

"About ten thousand pounds," she sighed, "when all the commissions are paid."

"Dreadful; dreadful," I could not help saying, for I knew that the collection should have brought thirty thousand pounds easily enough.

It all seemed dreadful to me, the Juggernaut of Life, and this helpless lovable woman victim. . . .

The ideal society, I felt, would have to take thought for the Mrs. Winthrops too, as well as for the "Ring." Half-remembered texts came into my mind and then this: "*Where the body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together.*"

### Clay.

I found him sprawled in the gutter  
Drooning a drunken tune,  
Watching his twitching fingers  
Reaching to grasp the moon.

I sat him down in the model's seat,  
A bottle close by his side,  
And there, as he drank of the wine I gave,  
His soul seemed satisfied.

I painted him then as he seemed to me,  
His face and his unkempt hair,  
His eyes as old as the mother earth  
And sorrowful with despair.

He drooned and I worked till the night was through,  
And then when our task was done,  
Lo, from the canvas there looked at us  
The face of God's own son.

*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

### Pagan Chant.

I have lost the key  
To good and evil:  
God and the devil  
Are one to me.

I move apart  
From the thrall of duty:  
Only beauty  
Can stir my heart!

Skies and seas,  
'A wind that passes  
'Along the grasses,  
Fragrant trees,

The flight of birds,  
Imperial places,  
Music, faces,  
Perfect words. . . .

*Joseph Freeman.*

# British Army Leaders: Haig and Kitchener

**A**T the very beginning of the war I scoured Kitchener's extraordinary and notorious incompetence. I told the true story of the battle of Paardeberg in South Africa and how General Lord Roberts ever afterwards spoke of Kitchener as "a dangerous fool." I predicted that Kitchener would muddle whatever was given to him to do and at length Lloyd George had to take over Kitchener's job of providing suitable ammunition, and everyone knows how well he performed the task. The Germans made a sad mistake in killing Kitchener.

When Haig was appointed to the supreme command in Kitchener's place, I wrote that he was next door to an idiot and reported a short conversation I had had with him once which gave I thought the man's measure. He was considered to be the best dressed general officer in the army and consequently a great friend of Prince, afterwards King, Edward. At Marlborough House I asked Haig once whether it was not the most difficult task of a general to select able subordinates. (Napoleon once said that it was the prime virtue of a great captain.) "Oh, no!" Haig answered me, "I find no difficulty in it. I have always noticed the best dressed officer is always the most competent." It would be incredible were it not true.

Now the truth has just been told authoritatively about Kitchener and Haig and Petain and a good many others. It is all set forth in a book entitled, "At the Supreme War Council," by Captain Peter Wright, just published in London.

Captain Peter Wright was assistant secretary and interpreter to the Supreme War Council during the critical spring days of 1918. And he knows intimately the men whom he is discussing, and the things they did.

He is fair, too, in his judgments. Mr. Lloyd George he admires intensely as a leader. But he notes "his oblique and subterranean methods; his inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men; his superficial, slipshod and hasty mind."

But it is mainly the soldiers with whom Captain Wright is concerned—the demigods of the General Staff, with their "godlike state, bright pomp of swarming obsequious staff officers, millionaire A. D. C.'s and attendant major-generals, motors and mounted orderlies, secretaries and cooks."

Their reputations, he roundly declares, are largely artificial; made for them by "the subject press bureau and the tame herds of special correspondents or special press agents"; a tragic joke to those who have worked with them who can "measure their real stature in all its naked and tragic mediocrity," and have seen their "con-

fused, slow and narrow minds" grappling with problems beyond their understanding."

## General in Chief Lord Haig.

It is upon Lord Haig that the brunt of the attack falls, an attack supported by an array of facts and documents that must be refuted if the commander-in-chief's reputation is to withstand this astonishing assault.

But Wright is fair even to Haig.

"Lord Haig," he says, "was a knightly figure with all the bearing and temper of a leader, but on a very low plane of human intelligence, as elderly cavalrymen sometimes are."

It is not merely that he charges Lord Haig with the possession of a mind "both obtuse and extraordinarily slow"; the accusation goes further and is proven.

He charges him—and General Petain with rejecting Foch's plan for meeting Ludendorff's great March offensive, with tricking Foch and cheating each other, and with finally fighting on a plan which led certainly and inevitably to disastrous defeat.

## Biggest British Defeat.

The battle of St. Quentin was the biggest defeat in British history, 19,000 British officers and over 30,000 British soldiers were lost in a defeat due entirely to faulty generalship. It was Capt. declares, a flawless jewel of incompetence, surpassing even masterpieces of the same kind like Cambrai."

"And then," he tells us scornfully, "the dispatches, written with a 'deceptive and plausible cleverness' quite different from Lord Haig's own 'schoolboy style,' hid the truth, suppressed the facts, and threw the blame on the heroic and unfortunate Fifth Army and its General Gough."

So the book goes on. Charge after charge of intrigue, of incompetence, of pettiness and stupidity is brought—always with definite statements in substantiation—against those in high places.

Not ill-fortune, not superior numbers, but sheer incompetence brought that March disaster which would have been irretrievable but for the alert genius of Foch and the grim tenacity—the "usual tenacity" is the Germans' admiring phrase—of the British troops.

The leaders have their peerages and their pensions and the admiration of the world. Thousands of the survivors of those tenacious regiments are today walking the streets in search of work.



# The Last Inhabitant: A True Story

By Hesketh Pearson.

**W**E were all ears for Oakley's story, one evening in our camp near the Euphrates, and at length he began:

"It was just after the fall of Bagdad. The Turks, aided by the Arabs, still sat heavily on our left flank, and Maude sent out a force to clear the country as far as the Euphrates. We got to Nukta the first day, the Turks retreating before us without much resistance. Nukta was to be our headquarters. From there we could sweep the desert fairly effectually as far as Feluja and not run much danger of being cut off from our supplies. But we hadn't reckoned with the Arabs of this district. The Euphrates folk, as you know, are a tougher crowd altogether than those on the Tigris line. Even the Turks used to leave them to themselves, and they have hardly been touched by the civilizing and socializing effects of commerce with the outer world. So they didn't understand our sudden arrival amongst them—and they didn't like it a bit. Besides, we couldn't convince them at such short notice that we had come to stay.

"Well, we got the Turks on the run to Feluja, sent out several roving pickets, and camped down at Nukta. The trouble started that first night. None of the pickets returned. Search parties were dispatched in the early hours of the following morning and the bodies of all the men on picket duty were discovered lying together in a heap about a mile from the camp. Some had obviously been dragged a considerable distance, for their faces were raw and blistered.

"Our colonel went mad when he heard of it. He swore by all the gods that he'd shoot every 'bloody Buddoo' in the neighborhood, and he'd have done it too if there hadn't been a political wallah with us. Anyhow, the bodies were brought into camp and buried, and the next two days were spent in raiding the Arab villages round about for arms and ammunition. The political cove also got into touch with the local sheikhs and told them that they'd had to hand over the murderers inside forty-eight hours. The sheikhs protested they knew nothing about it and feigned horror at the crime. The murderers weren't forthcoming and the colonel in command threatened vengeance on the sheikhs; but he knew he could do nothing while the political people stood between him and the objects of his wrath.

"The next thing that happened brought matters to a crisis. Two of our sentries were knifed. It was my job to go the rounds on the night of the occurrence, and I stumbled over one of the dead men about fifty yards away from his post. I sent the N. C. O. who accompanied me on my rounds to give the alarm, and did sentry-go myself while he was away. It was a dark,

moonlight night and I got the creeps. While I was standing there, close to the body, a jackal suddenly howled, and I think I must have jumped about three feet into the air. I was glad when I heard the reliefs coming. The body was taken away, a relief was posted, and we continued our round.

"Have you ever experienced the feeling of not being challenged by a sentry whose post you know to be within twenty yards of where you are walking? It's an uncomfortable feeling at any time in the desert to say the least of it; but after what we had just been through, it was devilish. We reached the post, went beyond it, and returned. There wasn't a sign of the man. Again a relief had to be posted, and we made a fruitless search in every direction for the missing sentry. At last I completed my round, and was returning across the camp to the colonel's tent when my foot kicked against something soft and heavy. I leaned down and reached out to see what it was. My fingers closed on a clammy substance, the mere touch of which sent a chill through me. It was a human head. . . . I picked it up by the hair and examined it by the light of a match. The eyes were open and had about them an expression of amazement. A darkish matter was oozing from the severed neck, and the hair was glued into thick knots by a mixture of blood and dirt. . . . The body was found several hours later in a trench, a stone's throw from the camp. . . .

"Next day the political officer went to Bagdad for instructions from his department. The moment his back was turned we received our orders. Four detachments were sent out in different directions to inflict summary punishment on the surrounding villages. The senior officer of each detachment was told to see the colonel's orders carried out to the letter. I was the junior officer on my detachment. Our course lay due west to the Euphrates.

"As you are doubtless aware, the most astounding thing about our Intelligence Staff is its complete lack of intelligence. When we captured Bagdad we hadn't a single map of the country to the north, east and west of the capital worth a tinker's cuss! I believe G. H. Q. had a really wonderful survey of the district as it was in the time of Abraham, but that didn't help us much. We just had to make our own maps as we went along and consider ourselves lucky if we found the larger rivers hadn't shifted more than two hundred miles away since the Flood!

"It took us the better part of a day to come to grips with our first village. It was deserted. Not a man, woman or child to be seen. We set it alight and went off to look for another. Thomson, my senior, had been

told of three villages between Nukta and the Euphrates, but it was dark before we found the second, and we settled down in mid-desert for the night. Dejection sat heavily on everyone. We only carried rations for one more day, and our orders were that the villages must be blotted out before we returned to camp.

"Early the following morning we were on horseback, and before noon the second village was ablaze. That, too, was deserted. All the afternoon, in heat and dust, we scoured the sand-dunes for the third village; and at last, fagged out, we reached the Euphrates, watered our horses, finished our rations, drank gallons of tepid microbial liquid ourselves, and slept as men can only sleep on active service.

"That third day was a nightmare. We started on empty stomachs, but we carried all the water we could. We found a little dry grass for the horses on the river bank, so they didn't do so badly. There was now only one thing for it: we had to make a bee-line for camp, as it would take us all our time to reach it before dark. And what a desolating confession we had to make! Two abandoned villages burned, but not a drop of human blood drawn on the trip.

"We halted at noon, drank Euphrates ale (as the men called it), tightened our belts, cursed everybody and everything, and . . . and then someone spied a camel. It was dead—recently dead. The men looked at us. We looked at the men. Thomson took me aside. 'It's against orders,' he said, 'but really I haven't the heart . . . What do you say?' 'The best thing,' I replied, 'is to say nothing. Leave it to the men. They know the risk, and it won't be the first time they'll have fallen before dire temptation. Besides I could do with a camel chop myself.' We walked a little way from the men and talked in jerks for half-an-hour on the morality of military discipline. Then one of our fellows approached us. 'Are you ready for lunch, sir?' he asked. 'More than ready!' said I. Not another word on the subject was passed. We ate our camel chops ravenously. They were a trifle burnt on one side and underdone on the other, but we hardly waited to taste them. When the operation was over, we mounted and continued our miserable journey. I now became conscious of an extremely unpleasant taste in the mouth, but I wouldn't own to it. The chief thing was, we had fed—and there, from the soldier's standpoint, the matter ended. There were, of course, other effects of an unpleasant nature, but they are not strictly concerned with this story.

"We had been jogging along comfortably (in some respects uncomfortably) for about an hour, when my attention was directed by one of the N. C. O.s to a slight smoke-like haze which appeared to be rising from behind a low ridge of hills on our extreme right. I mentioned it to Thomson, who called a halt and scanned the ridge

for a minute through his field-glasses. 'By God!' he shouted: 'that's it. How in wonder did we miss it before?'

"Inside twenty seconds we had changed our course and were galloping hard in the direction of the hills. There was no doubt about it now. Smoke was rising from several points and forming, at a certain altitude, the cover-like haze that we had seen. Curiously, as sometimes happens in the desert, the hills appeared to decrease in size the nearer we got to them, and at last we wondered how they could ever have looked like hills at all. Then the surprising thing happened that, to an Englishman, never ceases to surprise. The ground suddenly seemed to open out in front of us, and there, directly facing us, for all the world as though we had that moment been gifted with sight, was a large Arab village. Surrounding the mud dwelling-places were the black tents of other families on trek—doubtless the inhabitants of the deserted villages we had fired, concentrated here at the scent of danger. The strange thing was that they had no outposts. The first alarm was given when we were almost among them. And then it was too late. . . .

"Thomson shouted one word to the men as we thundered across the clearing between the protective ridge and the first tents. That word was 'KILL!' What followed was a mere incident of war in these parts, though horrible enough to think about afterwards in cold blood. Our fellows knew their business well enough to make straight for the center of the village, where the Arab leaders would be gathered together. In the earlier days they used to waste their time by starting a massacre in the outskirts of a settlement, only to find a strong and well-organized resistance awaiting them near the house of the head-tribesman or sheikh. This meant bloodshed on both sides, which didn't suit our men, whose pals had already been killed in sufficient numbers to make them 'see red' when the chance of revenge came their way.

"This time anyhow they just cut down those who got in their way and went clean for the heart of the business. I shan't attempt to describe the scene that followed. You've probably had similar experiences yourselves. Besides, one wants to forget. In less than twenty minutes the place was a shambles—a veritable hecatomb. Some of the Arabs fought like wild beasts, others seemed to woo the swords that ripped them. They are a curious folk: one would say they love to die as much as to kill. I remember one old man still fighting on with his jaw hacked loose from the head—a dreadful and inspiring sight. Yet another son of the desert, a young one, I saw beating his head against a stone to rob the infidel of a life.

"The blood-lust is catching and remains at fever-heat until butchery gives place to sheer physical exhaustion.



Thank God! the women don't as a rule await their turn. They run shrieking into the desert and are shot down like partridges, from a distance. . . .

"At last the job was finished and the order was given to destroy the tents and houses. In a short while fires had been started at various points in the village, and almost at once a mournful howl filled the air around and about us. It was the cry of all the dogs, whose masters we had killed, whose homes we were burning. . . .

"The day was drawing in and we had to make haste. The bugle sounded, the men formed up, one or two slight wounds were dressed, and we cantered through the village (or what remained of it) for the last time.

"Just as we were clearing the last little group of smouldering ruins, Thomson halted us. 'What was that?' he asked, holding up his hand. There was a momentary silence, even the dogs seeming to have left off their dismal chant for a spell. Then a low, crying sound came from one of the huts nearby. 'Go and see what it is,' Thomson said to the man behind him. The man dismounted and went into a hut which Thomson pointed out. After a little he returned, with a troubled look on his face. 'It's a baby,' he reported. 'Take my revolver and shoot it,' said Thomson. As he spoke he handed his revolver to the wretched fellow, who faltered and stood looking at it, pretending not to understand

the order. . . . The reaction had begun to set it. . . . 'Bring the kid out here,' said Thomson rapidly, appearing not to notice the man's condition. We all held our breaths, glancing furtively at one another, as the man stumbled back into the hut. He reappeared in an instant with the child in his arms. 'Place it against the wall, there,' Thomson called out, 'and stand away quick.'

"Then a strange thing happened. The man, who was but lately a savage, kissed the child. Half blinded with tears he dropped his burden to the ground. A dull murmur of sympathy went out to him from his comrades. . . . The baby rolled pitcously in the dust, screaming. Only for a second, though. One shot sent it to join its mother. . . ."

Oakley reached for the matches and re-lit his pipe. We remained silent for a minute, speechless with indignation.

"Horrible, horrible!" muttered Brown at last.

"A brutal, hideous, unforgiveable murder!" I cried.

"Yes," said Oakley after reflection; "yes, it was everything you both say—and more. But, after all, the kiddie was scarcely weaned. A bullet was the only alternative to starvation. In reality Thomson played the Good Samaritan. . . . Tell me: what would you have done? . . ."

## Wit and Wisdom

### Witticism by Chesterton.

"What do you think of Wells,' latest novels?"

"They do not seem to me like stories," Mr. Chesterton replied. "Simply a man telling of how he grew in his sleep."

### 'Tis Weary Watching.

*'Tis weary watching wave on wave,  
And yet the tide heaves onward;  
We build, like corals, grave on grave,  
A path that stretches sunward.*

*We're beaten back in many a fray,  
But newer strength we borrow,  
And where the vanguards camp today  
The rear shall rest tomorrow.*

Gerald Massey.

### Debs Or—

David Starr Jordan, I am told is responsible for an excellent and witty answer to the question who he was going to vote for as President?

"The choice," he replied, "is narrow; it is either Debs or Dubs."

### Arthur Brisbane in N. Y. American.

"Canada decides to take over the Grand Trunk Railway, under Government ownership. Is there nobody there to tell the Government that it isn't capable or honest enough to run a railroad? Let Canada write to the management of the New York, New Haven & Hartford that robbed half the widows in New England, or to the Rock Island that robbed everybody. It will be assured that governments are not fit to manage railroad properties."

### Madame Curie's Latest Thrill!

Mme. Curie's theory that, instead of the earth cooling, it is in reality getting hotter as the results of its store of radio-active substances, is not a new thing in physics, though it may run counter to popular ideas. Professor Soddy, the great English physicist, has summarized Joly's calculations on the subject thus:

"Assuming a quantity of radium and its corresponding amount of uranium, distributed uniformly throughout the mass of the earth, of two parts of radium per million million, which is less than the average found for surface rocks, this would produce an increase in the temperature of the interior by 1,800 degree C. in a hundred millions years. So long as the earth's crust

remained solid, this heat would only escape by conduction with extreme slowness. But, at some time or other, a world so constituted must explode, when the increasing temperature and pressure within overpowers the strength of the crust."

It is an interesting addition to the long list of death-sentences that have been pronounced over this sad and sinful world.

### The Tomato Cure for Temper.

[A daily paper tells us that chemical research has discovered that tomatoes, if taken in sufficient quantities, will cure bad temper.]

When butchers send their monthly bills,  
And rents are raised but not your wages;  
When flesh is prone to petty ills  
That baffle the advice of sages;  
When you have lost your daily maid,  
Or backed a wrong 'un—play your part, O;  
For each vexation can be laid  
With a tomato.

Life's not all joy—we know it well:  
The world is full of pains and troubles,  
Marriages oft are made in hell,  
Our highest dreams can burst like bubbles;  
But if you hold the losing hand,  
Why, what's the odds? Keep up your heart, O;  
Let's all go down to Child's, my friend, and  
Have a tomato!

### A Week's Record of Scientific Progress.

"An officer of the United States Chemical Warfare Service claims that a liquid poison has been discovered which is so strong that three drops will kill anybody whose skin it touches. Falling like rain from nozzles attached to an aeroplane, the poison would kill practically every one in the area over which the aircraft passed."

"Science is now one stage nearer to the discovery of atomic energy and how to apply it."—Professor Sir W. H. Bragg, at a lecture at University College, London.

Unless it can find a more cheerful note, we shall be tempted one of these days to put a stop to science, for the same reason for which the Erewhonians smashed their machines.

### Some New Aphorisms.

Unless you answer the riddle that is being propounded in Ireland the British Empire is going to be destroyed.—*Mr. O'Grady, M. P.*

The world, after all, is a better place under democracy than it was under other kinds of government.—*Lord Bryce.*

### The Poor Are Charitable.

Robert Smillie, the English miner-leader, writing in the *Record*, says:

"Miners are a hard-headed class, but they are not hard-hearted. Their contribution of something over £30,000 to the work of the Save the Children Fund of Europe, gives evidence of that fact.

"These children in Central Europe are innocent as yet of those devastating prejudices and enmities which we set up between man and man. It lies in our power by helping them, 'friend' and 'enemy' alike, in their hour of need, to give them a new ideal—an ideal of internationalism and co-operation which will go far to prevent such a conflict of peoples in the future as that from which we are just emerging.

"We are told that thirteen million little ones of school-age need food, or clothing, or shelter, or hospital treatment, or all of these things. This is appalling."

### Watch Athens.

Watch Athens. King Tino rushed to war in the hope that a swift and spectacular victory would secure his throne. The Athenian cafe crowds cheered, and the flags went up. But the mass of Greeks are sick to death of war. They welcomed Constantine because they thought he would bring relief from the Venizelist war policy. Now—it may well prove that before long Constantine will be sent on his travels again. But Venizelos will not be brought back. And then there may be hope of peace in the Near East.

### God's Own Country.

The latest bit of news is that Lincoln Steffens has been refused a hall by the Mayor of Portland on the ground that his meetings are "un-American and the audience composed of radicals." An I. W. W. who distributed circulars criticising the Mayor for this sort of thing got 12 months not long ago in the Land of the Free.

### Git!

But better than that is the news I get from the Californian town of Lodi. There two gentlemen, "wealthy citizens," mark you, but with Germanic names, have been accused by the local American Legion of the awful crime of defacing a picture of President Wilson. For which depravity the commander of the said Legion has given them orders to quit the town within 30 days.—*The London "Daily Herald."*

### Clemenceau's Latest.

Clemenceau and a friend were talking the other day, when suddenly the friend said:

"President Wilson's breakdown is tragic, isn't it?"

"What could you expect," replied Clemenceau, "if a man will talk like Jesus Christ and act worse than Lloyd George."



# The Story of a Lecture Tour

By Frank Harris.

I AM meeting with a good deal of dishonesty and many bitter disappointments. I explain this to myself by the fact that American herd feeling or patriotism so-called is ten times as strong as is the mass feeling in England, because America is twice as large and that consequently I am getting a worse reception in America than I ever had in England.

Besides, my artistic and literary convictions excited a good deal of sympathy in Great Britain among the aristocratic or governing class; individual members of the rulers did not hesitate to help me in various ways though they disagreed with my desire to socialize certain industries and what seemed to them my mad determination to throw contempt on British Imperialist Policy.

But in America the class that cares for art and literature is so small that it has little or no influence; while the hatred of radicalism is a mania; consequently I have made many bitter enemies here for my love of truth and justice, and very few friends.

Before consenting to go on a debating tour with Mr. Seymour Stedman, the Socialist leader, I wrote to him saying that I was not responsible in any way for the debating tour or for the advertising of it and begging him as a lawyer to inform himself not only as to the trustworthiness, but as to the means of the promoters. Mr. Stedman answered thanking me for my warning and assuring me that he would use all caution.

On this we debated at Brooklyn; then went to Reading, Pa., and from Reading to Baltimore and from Baltimore to Washington and from Washington to Philadelphia and then back to New York.

The very first lecture showed me that the promoters were people of small brains. Almost at once a Mr. Symon Gould appeared as the chief impresario, and I had good reason previously to doubt his honesty or his capacity. He had once arranged a lecture for me at the Rand School on the Irish question which at the last moment broke down, leaving me to transfer the audience to my own studio on Fifth Avenue.

And now Mr. Gould had made arrangements which seemed to me idiotic. The minimum prices at our debates were eighty cents, plus war tax, a cost far too high for socialists, and the prices of the best seats had been put at \$1.50 to \$3.00—prohibitive figures in my opinion. I remonstrated but met with no response. Mr. Stedman too said he would take it up with the promoters and did his best but with no effect. We received checks for the \$100 promised to us after each lecture and part at least of our expenses.

On our return to New York after the first six or seven lectures I asked Mr. Gould for the money owing to me in excess of his checks, namely, \$26.50 for railroad fares and \$57.00 for the sale of books which he had had on credit and never accounted for. He told me at the Star Casino, where we had debated, that he would send me a check in the course of the afternoon—Sunday, February 13th.

Late that night, however, after lecturing in my studio I came to my house and found Mr. Stedman and Mr. Jack Shorr there. Mr. Stedman then told me that he had asked for some of his expenses and that Mr. Gould had met him by declaring that he could not pay any more; that he was "through with the whole business" and would not go on.

The next day Mr. Stedman told me he had seen him and arranged with him to "fill all dates." Stedman said he did this because he felt himself pledged to the Socialist Party and he hoped that I would continue the debates with him. I told him that under the circumstances I was quite willing to go on and take whatever risk there was. I had been asked to lecture at two or three places en route and so felt sure of my expenses at least.

In the middle of our trip I was informed from New York that of the seven checks given to me by Mr. Symon Gould he had dishonored four; one at least of them had come back marked "insufficient funds," two he had stopped payment on, and one was returned because his account was closed, the bank having refused to continue the account of a man who was continually drawing bad checks.

The whole thing leaves me a loser by about \$1,000 and a fortnight's very hard work. I am not complaining, nor am I vindictive, but I want the money.

Mr. Stedman assures me that he intends to put Mr. Gould in prison if he can for fraud. I don't think Sing Sing would be improved by Mr. Gould's presence. I only want to get the money he owes me, which he has certainly defrauded me of; and that I shall try to do. In the meantime I feel about him as Shakespeare must have felt when he makes Hamlet talk of receiving "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks."

I only publish the matter here in order to warn other people whom Mr. Symon Gould might sting in the same way. I have already received letters from other people who complain of his cheating them. I shall publish one case next month. The public must be warned against Symon Gould.

# Books

## AT LENGTH: A GOOD BOOK.

**Slippy McGee, by Marie Oemler.\***

**T**WO or three months ago a little lady with fine eyes and soft, lisping Southern accent came into my studio shop and told me with ingratiating simple manners that she liked my work and wished to know me. We talked for a few minutes and I had begun to notice that there was rhythm in her speech and a certain correctness that betokened the writer, when her companion asked me had I never read "Slippy McGee," the book that had made her friend's fame.

I had to confess that I had never heard of it; adding that I would read it gladly. In the half hour or so of our talk I got an impression of an exceptionally kindly and sympathetic, even sweet personality; but I was called away from New York on an unfortunate lecture tour and for the time being Mrs. Oemler and "Slippy McGee" went out of my head while I was trying to get rid of laryngitis and bronchitis.

One thing the illness did for me and that was to give me time to read, and one day I read "Slippy McGee." I spent five or six pleasant hours with Mrs. Oemler and my bruised spirit lost some of its soreness in her gentle, kindly company.

Now I find the book praised on all hands and fairly well known: thanks to the energy of the Century Company it has been a real success if not a best seller.

I am not inclined to go into a painstaking description of the book and then try to arrive at a classification as I usually do. I like Mrs. Oemler so much—and her book is a happy reflex of her personality—that I intend simply to chat about the story and give little excerpts from it and thus convey to my readers some part of the elusive indefinable charm of her sweet and gracious spirit.

First of all this little Southern lady knows how to write English. Then she is touched by all beautiful things. On the first page of the third chapter I find this:

"The wistaria was in her zenith, girdling the tree-tops with amethyst; the Cherokee rose had just begun to reign, all in snow-white velvet, with a gold crown and a green girdle for greater glory; the greedy brown grumbling bees came to her table in dusty cohorts, and over her green bowers floated her gayer lovers, the early butterflies, clothed delicately as in kings' raiment. In the corners glowed the ruby-colored Japanese quince, and the long sprays of that flower I most dearly love, the spring-like spirea which the children call bridal wreath, brushed you gently as you passed the gate. I never

see it deck itself in bridal white, I never inhale it shy clean scent, without a tightening of the throat a misting of the eyes, a melting of the heart."

Now that is good English, excellent English:—"The greedy brown grumbling bees" and their "dusty cohorts" evoke a garden for me with the magic of representment. The passage reminds me of the old English verse which you find on so many garden seats in Southern England:

"With the song of the birds for pardon  
And the joy of the flowers for mirth;  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth."

There is something gentle and sweet in Mrs. Oemler's love of flowers which touches the same chord in me that vibrates to this age-old verse.

And if you want to go at once to the opposite extreme and learn how a yeggman, who is the hero of the book, declares his love for old New York—here is another fine page:

"... There is a Dutchman got a restaurant down on Eighth Avenue, and I dream at nights about the hot-dog-and-kraut, and the ham-and that they give you there, and the Jane that slings it. Hips on her like a horse, she has, and an arm that shoves your eats under your nose in a way you've got to respect. I smell those eats in my sleep. I want some more Childs' bucks. I want to see the electrics winking on the roofs. I want to smell wet asphalt and see the taxis whizzing by in the rain. I want to see a seven-foot Mick cop with a back like a piano-box and a paw like a ham and a foot like a submarine with stove-polish on it. I want to see the subway in the rush hour and the dips and mollbuzzers going through the crowd like kids in a berry patch. I want to see a ninety-story building going up and the wops crawling on it like ants. I want to see the breadline and the pan-handlers, and the bums in Union Square. I want a bellyful of the happy dust the old town hands out—the whole dope and all there is of it! My God! I want everything I haven't got!"

You may prefer Mrs. Oemler in her garden as I do; but at least you must admit that she shows here pictorial faculty, or if you will, ventriloquism, of a high order. In fine, the first hundred pages convinced me that at length I had found a real writer with many diverse talents.

Mrs. Oemler, too, is a born story-teller; her hero cracks a safe with a Catholic priest approving and saves the heroine and restores to her some callow love letters; but incidentally Slippy McGee also discovers some letters of the rich and powerful magnate which prove

\* Slippy McGee, by Marie Conway Oemler; The Century Co.



him to be a low cheat and scoundrel. Mrs. Oemler has Socialist sympathies and thus her story has a backbone of truth and actuality.

Three-quarters way through the book I was comparing "Slippy McGee" with "Lorna Doone," the only English novel I know with similar romantic sweetness and charm—but—and alas! the "but" is emphatic—when I had finished the work I felt disappointed: the love story which should be the climax of the book is not realized at all adequately. Just when the epic should win to lyric heights it falls flat. How am I to explain this anti-climax?

A gentle sweet-natured woman unable or unwilling to picture love: neither the young man's passion nor the girl's affection rendered at all—what is the explanation? I don't know; but the enigma attracts me.

There is another way of reaching a correct estimate of a creative artist. Let me try it on Mrs. Oemler.

I have often said and shall probably repeat that the creative faculty is always backed by a corresponding critical ability. At every stage in his work the creative artist has to exercise critical judgment and control; consequently you can measure the creator by his judgments. Time and again Mrs. Oemler gives us the books she prefers: "Lang's Homer, Burton's 'Kasidah,' Saadi's 'Gulistan,' Robert Burns, 'Don Quixote,' 'Joan of Arc,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Treasure Island,' the Bible and one or two volumes of Shakespeare." Evidently sincere this list, but nothing individual in it; no fine discrimination; no absorbing devotion. On another page she speaks of the "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff" as "so frank, so astounding that it took her breath away and swept her off her feet." Now this is just wherein the Bashkirtseff diary fails; there is nothing frank in it, no intimate revelation of self or sex. Is Mrs. Oemler then so corsetted in convention that she cannot move freely or does she really believe a kiss on the cheek the ultimate expression of passion.

I must get another book of Mrs. Oemler before I can read the riddle, though now I distrust her brains. And here is the other book, just out, damp from the press, so to speak.

### The Purple Heights. \*

Nothing but a love-story from start to happy ending; a love-story to thrill all maidens from fifteen to eighteen; but too improbable in incident, too sketchy-light in realization of character really to count. The pair of romance lovers in "Slippy McGee" are reproduced here, slightly better painted, a little deeper and freer in modelling, but not much—a chromo-lithograph by a romantic idealist; not a great painting.

And the worst faults of "Slippy McGee" are exaggerated in "The Purple Heights"; the beginning is intolerably long; the Southern lynching, a mere episode,

is dragged in by the heels, and, strange to say, the insane hatred engendered seems to be shared by Mrs. Oemler. Altogether I have been deeply disappointed in "The Purple Heights."

Now a word of advice and encouragement written with the sad superiority of the senior which Mrs. Oemler will not take amiss. Her extravagant idealism is half-balanced by the yeggman in "Slippy McGee"; why shouldn't she for her next book win to balance by taking a New York gutter-girl and showing step by step how she can reach "the purple heights"? Mrs. Oemler mustn't picture her heroine as an innocent angel, just an ordinary East Side girl who knows evil in every form before she even realizes it. Innocence today is mawkish; most of us pass it up disdainfully as ignorance that presupposes stupidity or at least insensitiveness. Mrs. Oemler should be done with it. Her next hero too should be a man, not a girl's ideal; why not base his conversion to clean living on a tedious recovery from some unmentionable disease. These angels floating about in the blue wrapped in a chaste embrace make me tired. I want life. A story should contain deep studies of men and women whose feet are stained in the mud of the streets, even though their eyes mirror the stars.

### The Narrow House. \*

If Mrs. Oemler fails to reach the heights through a certain lack of intellectual vigor and feminine mealy-mouthedness, Evelyn Scott redresses the balance; she depicts a common little household with uncompromising severity. And for this reason the book is extraordinary: there's not a relieving touch in it; not a single sympathetic character. The figures are all etched in with the acid of hatred and contempt. The men are only vague outlines; puppets created by a woman's dislike; but the women live with a strange sort of half-life; the souls in them are not given; they are sex-ridden but soulless; love in them is so entirely a blind urge and womb-thirst that it is close to hate; it is without enthusiasm and has none of the savor of sacrifice.

The neglected wife, Mrs. Farley, who labors like an animal; slaves at all the housework, cherishing meanwhile a dull resentment against her husband because he has had an intrigue with another woman, in spite of the fact that he treats her with surface kindness. But the girl-wife Winnie, who has had two children, is the chief personage in the book. She is left with some malady which may necessitate an operation and has been warned that she must not become pregnant again, yet can't help teasing her husband to love her though she knows the risk and the inevitable consequence. Then her death in childbirth and her husband's relief! Zola himself never imagined such brainless, soulless animals.

And the husband's sister Alice is depicted with the

\* The Narrow House, by Evelyn Scott; Boni & Liveright.

same relentless contempt; she is stout and coarse and ugly; no man desires her and so she vents her spleen on her mother, Mrs. Fanley, and her father. She tells her mother she ought to set her father free; she bothers the father to get a divorce he doesn't want. Employed as a typist, she hopes her employer, an elderly man, will kiss her; but he goes away with courteous thanks and she returns to her unloved room biting her wrist and hating her full breasts and square unlovely body. She takes her brother's girl-child, May, makes her undress and then holds her against her bare breasts; but the girl recoils and the woman goes to bed in wild revolt against the harsh unloving world.

In forty years of reading I have never come across such a book; if Evelyn Scott had as much love in her as she has courage and contempt for her sex, she would write a masterpiece; as it is she has compiled this strange chronicle which shows that life in these States can be more sordid, soulless and wretched than it is in the darkest slums of Paris.

#### MR. LANSING'S REVELATIONS. \*

At the end of a ferocious review, which killed a well-known writer Lord Macaulay wrote that he had no personal animus in the matter, and thereupon promised his readers that "whenever any book by dint of puffing shall reach a second edition I will do unto the author of it even as I have done unto Mr. Robert Montgomery."

Almost every month I receive three or four books puffed by the publisher and belauded on the jackets, and am thereby tempted into reading them to my utter bewilderment and intolerable boredom.

Here for instance is a large volume by Robert Lansing, late Secretary of State, entitled "The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative." Two hundred and eighty rather large pages and then another fifty pages of appendix with not one word—I will not say for the soul—but for the mind—in the whole dreary account.

I must not let my reader imagine that I have read it all. By prodigious and repeated efforts I got to about page 50 but when under the heading, "Suggested Draft of Articles for Discussion," I came to paragraphs "A," "B," "C" and "D," I broke down.

What has this book taught me?

First that Mr. Lansing cannot think and is not able to write. On the second page I find him using the word "they" while leaving the reader in doubt as to what "they" refers to. The next paragraph contains this sentence: "It is unsatisfactory, if not criticizable" (*sic*!). I would like Mr. Lansing to tell me exactly what that may mean. A few lines further on still I read: "This review of facts and the comments upon them may be characterized as violative of the seal of silence." But

why this silly neologism—"violative"? Is not "violating" good enough. "Violative of the seal of silence" a wretched way of violating all the traditions of good English. This is not important if you like, but on blank face a pimple is an eye-sore.

Now, having given more time to Mr. Lansing than Mr. Lansing is worth, I ask myself how it came that such a man was selected for a high official position by any sane person. Napoleon showed his genius by picking geniuses to serve him; even though they were rivals and dangerous, he used them. Mr. Wilson could evidently live with none but absolute mediocrities with no minds and no opinions worth considering.

#### FIND THE WOMAN. \*

This is not a great book, but it is not a bad book. It has a story to tell and tells it quickly, interestingly, with a certain knowledge of New York slang that seems to quicken the speed of narration by ease, if not grace, of movement:

"My God, what a sucker a man is to get married."

Now and then Mr. Roche will drag in a tag of French to show that he does not know that language, but the story is interesting and the time spent in reading it was killed pleasantly.

The book is so quick and light that one feels inclined to encourage Mr. Roche. The love episode is a failure. He does not tell us why Clancy, the heroine, loves Philip Vandervent; he does not even tell us why Philip Vandervent loves Clancy save that Clancy is a sweet, natural girl and very good-looking.

In his next book I hope that Mr. Roche will try to realize his love story before writing it. Here is his mental measure:

"Clancy stared at the squat little millionaire a few seats away.

"He doesn't look very brilliant," she announced.

"He isn't," said the judge.

"But he's worth millions," protested Clancy.

"That doesn't prove brilliance. It proves knack and tenacity, that's all," said her host. "Some of the most brilliant men I know are paupers; some of the most stupid are millionaires."

"And vice versa?" suggested Clancy.

"The judge shrugged.

"The brilliant millionaires are wealthy despite their brilliance."

One word needs to be altered here. Riches do not prove "knack," but "greed" and "tenacity." As I always say, "Means and meanness go together."

But this little glimpse of insight on the part of Mr. Roche is far ahead of ordinary American knowledge. Contrast it for instance with what is said by Mr. B. C.

\* The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative, by Robert Lansing. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

\* Find the Woman, by Arthur Somers Roche. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.



orbes, who is allowed a column in the *New York American* every morning. A short time ago he wrote me this:

"Why is it that our towering financial, industrial, railroad and mercantile giants are not rated more highly by the people of America? Do we adequately appreciate the value of the services rendered for the progress and development of the country by such men as James J. Hill in the past and, say, Ford and Schwab of today? . . .

"Candidly, I believe that business giants are not held in higher esteem largely because the vast majority of them become so engrossed in their own affairs that the public concludes that they are selfish, self-centered, bent only on their own aggrandizement. These towering figures . . ."

Never was dollar-worship carried to such a height of imbecility—genius and greed coupled as twins when they are antipodes.

Ask the farmers of North Dakota what James J. Hill did for them. Ask the working people at Bethlehem, with one toilet for fifty people, what Schwab has done for them, and then perhaps, Mr. Forbes, you will cease talking about "towering figures and gigantic achievements," and learn from Mr. Roche that all the millionaire or towering figure possesses is greed and tenacity. That is what he stands for and nothing better.

### JAKE. \*

I next pick up a book called "Jake," by Eunice Tietjens. Mr. Liveright tells me that it is a "pulsating drama with breathless scenes that are unforgettable."

In truth, it is a sort of storm in a tea-cup. A dull little trickle of story in an interminable waste of sand. Mr. Liveright thinks it a "memorable American work." I regret to differ with him. It is hardly more than a short story, certainly not more than forty thousand words in length, and yet incredibly dull.

### THE BLUE WOUND. \*

This is another sort of book. It is not dull merely but pretentious to boot. On the very first page English is maltreated in a way that would rejoice the heart of Professor Veblen.

The second line is: "I was guided by two assumptions, namely:" And then a sentence beginning "So, therefore," and ending with "an apperceptive sense of hearing."

After one hundred and thirty pages of this stodge one gets to the deep thought: "*Man must embrace the curse,*" which simply means that man must labor and so find out that by exploiting the labor of others he only evades the issue.

\* Jake, by Eunice Tietjens. Boni & Liveright.

\* The Blue Wound, by Garet Garrett. Putnam

Then you have a chapter on the war headed: "The Wound Was Reaped." The next chapter has the heading: "In the Uterine Mist," and the last chapter begins: "Nothing Had Happened."

That is true of the whole book. "Nothing happened," save that "the wound was reaped," whatever that may portend.

### WALDO FRANK AGAIN.

Last month I reviewed Waldo Frank's book, "The Dark Mother," calling it in Mr. Frank's own words, "a true tumescence," and predicting that one of these days Mr. Frank would be hailed as one of the great American stylists by Professor Brander Matthews or some other of his ilk. I had not long to wait for my words to bear fruit. The other day Boni & Liveright sent me the opinion of Mary Austin and a German professor on this masterpiece. The lady says:

"That is a book! What illumination! What revelation!"

And this is what the professor thinks of it:

"Waldo Frank has earned a splendid title to our admiration. He has demonstrated himself perhaps the foremost American exponent, to date, of the modern literary method. . . . He may be said to rank, at 31 or thereabouts, among the few writers of best English on this side of the Atlantic."

God help us:—"a true tumescence!" F. H.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Peace Negotiations, by Robert Lansing—Houghton Mifflin Co.; Wooden Crosses, by R. Dorgeles—Putnam; Jake, by Eunice Tietjens—Boni & Liveright; California Sonnets & Poems, by Milton S. Stewart—Jas. T. White & Co.; Highland Light & Other Poems, by Henry Adams Bellows—Macmillan; A Soul's Faring, by Muriel Strode—Boni & Liveright; Emperor Jones, by Eugene O'Neil—Boni & Liveright; Coins and Medals, by Charlotte Hardin—Four Seas Publishing Co.

### Notable Sayings of the Hour.

The process of deflation is bound to be an extremely painful one. It is not unlike a fat man dieting and physicking himself down to normal proportions—very unpleasant, but leading to health instead of to a funeral.—*Mr. Harry Dubery.*

It is pretty obvious that Germany will profit more by the war she has lost than England by the war she has won.—*Mr. Bernard Shaw.*

The chief danger to the white man arises from his arrogant contempt for other races.—*Dean Inge.*

War between the United States and this country is unthinkable and inconceivable, but that does not make it certain that it might not happen.—*Lord Grey of Fallodon.*

# Through the Editor's Eyes:

## HOPE FOR NORTH DAKOTA.

*Labor is becoming international today just as capital has always been international.*

**I**N reference to my article on North Dakota and the attempt of the farmers to establish a bank, I recommended the North Dakota representatives in New York to take the matter up with the great People's Bank in England and win their help.

The story of the Co-operative Wholesale Society's Bank in England is one of the romances of big business:

### A Remarkable Career.

The C. W. S. Bank has had an astonishing career. Starting, like everything in the co-operative movement, from small beginnings, it has now over 6,500 accounts actually in operation with trade unions, friendly societies, clubs and other social organizations. There are also over 1,000 co-operative societies banking with it. There are besides good facilities for private people to open banking accounts—however small—through the medium of the branches of the various local co-operative societies. This is a department that is developing, and will develop at a much quicker rate, once it is understood that a man or woman may have a banking account in exactly the same way as a millionaire, with all the advantages attaching to such accounts, and will not be expected to deposit any fixed sum.

It ought also to be mentioned that all the ordinary facilities connected with banks are open to depositors, including foreign banking.

### Astonishing Growth.

The bank turnover in 1914 was £186,500,000; in 1920 it was £646,000,000, or over three billions of dollars.

The share capital of the C. W. S. is £4,000,000.

Its reserve and assurance funds are £3,600,000.

It will thus be seen that the C. W. S. Bank is not merely a gilt-edged security, but is one of those securities which cannot possibly fail.

## HIGH COURTS OF JUSTICE VS. LOW COURTS OF LAW.

### The Daniel O'Connell Case.

I remember my astonishment when many years ago I read what Montaigne said about law and justice. He was a lawyer and concerned in the administration of the law in France for some twenty years and with all that experience he wrote that if he were accused of stealing the towers of Notre Dame, the great cathedral in Paris, he would flee into another country and remain an exile for the rest of his days rather than risk a trial.

The worst of the democratic government in times of great popular excitement is that justice and common

sense are not even regarded. I studied the trial of Debs carefully and came to the conclusion that he would have to be acquitted. To my astonishment he was condemned. I regard his sentence of ten years for expressing an opinion as an outrage on justice.

But even the trial and sentence of Debs did not surpass the trial of Larkin as an exhibition of sheer prejudice backed by bad manners on the part of the judge. Mr. Justice Weeks.

Time and again he interrupted the defendant in his speech in the rudest way while allowing complete license to the prosecuting attorney.

I heard Dreyfus tried in France but Dreyfus was treated with fairness and courtesy in comparison with Larkin.

I have written on these matters before, warning Americans as I have warned Englishmen against their disregard of justice and right through mad partisanship.

I had resolved to say nothing more about the cases that have arisen since we went into the war, but the other day I received this letter from Mrs. Daniel O'Connell.\*

134 Joice Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

April 6, 1921.

Dear Mr. Frank Harris:

By today's mail, I send you a copy of the pamphlet, "Assassination of the Constitution," which is a presentation of the facts in the case of my husband, Daniel O'Connell, who is now at McNeil's Island, in the federal penitentiary, under a seven-year sentence, for having committed the "crime" of attempting to carry the question of the draft for foreign service, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

We are trying to get publicity on this outrage. May we have your assistance?

With all good wishes; I am,

Sincerely,

MRS. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I have read the pamphlet carefully and can only say that neither Judge Weeks nor Judge Landis has shown the insane bias and prejudice of Judge Van Fleet who sentenced Mr. O'Connell, a prominent lawyer in San Francisco, to seven years' imprisonment for absolutely nothing at all that had a shade of criminality in it.

The other day Attorney-General Daugherty played the man. He sent for Debs and let him go from his prison to Washington and back after talking with him—a noble exhibition of American magnanimity. I feel quite sure from this one act that Attorney-General Daugherty will free Debs. And I hope that he will free Larkin and Daniel O'Connell as well, for neither of them has had anything that could be called a fair trial.



## A RIFT IN THE LUTE.

**I**N order to understand the course of politics in Great Britain it is necessary to bear in mind always that Lord Curzon, who represents the old aristocratic Tory Party, and Mr. Lloyd George do not get on very well together.

Lord Curzon's manner and manners have always jarred on Mr. Lloyd George. The foreign secretary suffers from what the psycho-analysts might term an aristocracy complex. It takes in him the form of an overbearing insolence which continually "gets the goat" of Mr. Lloyd George.

One famous dispute took place during the Russian negotiations. Krassin casually mentioned the signing of the Russo-Georgian treaty, and Mr. Lloyd George turned on Lord Curzon with an indignant: "Why haven't I been told of this?"

Last week (April 2) there was a similar scene during the Prime Minister's interview with the Indian Khilafat delegation. Things have, in fact, come to such a pass that Lord Curzon would have to go—were it not for the fact that he has the whole weight of the Court influence behind him. The Court is still a far more powerful political factor than most people imagine.

It is of course Lord Curzon and the Tory Party who stand behind Sir Hamar Greenwood and the atrocious outrages of the "Black and Tans" in Ireland.

The worst of the position is that as Labor daily grows stronger in England, Lloyd George is forced into closer union with Lord Curzon.

What the outcome will be in regard to Ireland it is almost impossible to divine. Matters are still going from bad to worse in that unhappy country.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

**T**HE fight between the miners and the mine owners and the government in Great Britain grows more and more bitter. Already nearly a million miners are out on strike; practically all the pits are idle, and though the railroad men and transport workers did not go into the fight with them it is plain where their sympathies are.

The latest news is that the mine owners are inclined to compromise, as a great many mines will be ruined by water unless a compromise is effected. Here is the root fact that should inform impartial public opinion on the subject:

In the fat years of war production the employers drew from the industry an amount of profits exceeding the pre-war capital of the industry by £25,000,000.

At the same time the miners' wages have practically doubled, but the cost of living is two and a half times what it was, so that in purchasing power their wages have diminished.

## HAVE I A HUNDRED FRIENDS?

**A** MONTH ago I appealed to some friends offering them sets of my books in fifteen volumes at \$20, (which is below cost price) if they would lend me \$20, more for a year, so that I could get the sets paid for and bound. I said I would acknowledge all contributions in Pearson's. I was told I should have shoals of replies; but I only want one hundred. Of course I shall autograph and say a few words in each of these sets.

The following is the list of those who have already responded:

They seem few but then we know that in the old days according to the Bible *there* was not even one righteous in the city. Ten or fifteen friends able and willing to help at once is a goodly beginning, and several of these have sent the money telling me to forget to return the \$20, adding kindly words of appreciation of my work.

At any rate I am still determined to get the books free and bound this summer if I possibly can. Won't my friends help?

Dr. Louise Taylor, 1800 N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.; C. C. Manger, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Laurence D. Baker, 717 Fifth St., Marietta, Ohio; J. M. Ulmer, 710 Ulmer Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Morris Millner, 246 Mercer St., Trenton, N. J.; R. E. Lambert, 90 Trinity Place, New York; Joseph W. Shorts, 1230 Phillips Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Mortiz Schultze, 4809 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.; B. F. Hitchcock, 940 Santee St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred. H. Gottlieb, The Guaranty Co., Sun Life Bldg., Baltimore, Md.; Miss Mary McEvoy, 41 E. 31st St., New York; Miss Anna Scully, 41 E. 31st St., New York; Miss Sophie Richter, 600 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.; Charles A. Manly, 311 Carrezo St., Corpus Christi, Tex.; A. Virginia Ford, 4229 Larchmont Ave., Detroit Mich.

## WARNING.

**S**UBSCRIBERS or prospective subscribers to Pearson's Magazine are advised that the Periodical Sales Company of Chicago or their representatives are not authorized to solicit or collect subscriptions for this magazine and that Pearson's Magazine, Inc., will not accept responsibility for any arrangements made with the Periodical Sales Company or its representatives.

Your country began with a Declaration of Independence and ends with Prohibition! And as I passed the Statue of Liberty I had an inclination to want to see all the liquor on board ship poured out in an act of pagan oblation.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action has arrived, stop thinking and go in. NAPOLEON.

# Letters to the Editor:

## KANSAS COURT OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS MAKES WORKMEN WAGE-SLAVES.

To the Editor, Sir:

Organized labor the country over has condemned the Kansas law for the reason that it provides for compulsory labor and makes it a crime to quit work, thereby curtailing the constitutional rights of the workers. That is the issue, the only issue. That is the principle involved, the principle upon which organized labor will fight it out. There is no room for compromise; there is no middle ground.

The fight in Kansas is not Alex Howat's fight, as Reed, in line with the employing interests, would have it appear. Neither does the radicalism or the conservatism of the Kansas miners, nor the claim that "80 per cent of the Kansas miners are foreign born or of the first generation in this country" have any bearing on the question. The matter of the personality of Alex Howat, whom Reed brands, without citing proof, as a "radical of radicals, alleged (*sic!*) to be a member of the I. W. W., the Coal Miners' Industrial Union, and charged with contributing to the financial support of the Communist Party, in touch with the extremists of the country, and viciously fighting the Miners' International Union," does not and should not enter into the controversy. I am not writing this letter as a partisan of Howat, but I might enlighten Reed by informing him that the Illinois miners by referendum vote last summer appropriated \$100,000 to aid the Kansas miners in their fight against this law. It might enlighten him further to know that the officials of the Miners' International Union are as strongly opposed to the Kansas law as is Howat. They are agreed that the Kansas industrial court is a menace to the workers of America, that it interferes with their constitutional rights, and must be resisted to the last ditch.

Reed cites a few individual cases and draws the inference that by these minor settlements the Kansas law can be judged. He cites that in the first year of its existence the court handled twenty-eight cases in the essential industries of the State. What is this compared to the thousands of cases settled in the same year by the Mine Workers' joint conference method in Kansas alone and the hundreds of thousands throughout the jurisdiction of the International Miner's Union, not to mention other unions? But the mere *settlement* of industrial disputes is not sufficient. No matter how well governed a people may be, if they have any self-respect they will not be satisfied unless they have something to say in their own government. So it is with the settlement of our affairs in industry. We, as self-respecting workers, demand a voice in the settlement. The voice

labor demands is not that of the petitioner, but a voice in a joint conference with equitable representation, with the right to dissent and resort to its only weapon, the strike, when manifest injustices are being thrust upon the workers. The Kansas law is especially vicious in that it not only denies labor a voice in deciding these questions, but makes it a crime to disobey the mandate of a board composed of politicians appointed by a politician.

Let no one make the mistake of believing that labor in America will quietly submit to such laws. Only after our organizations have been destroyed will we be subjected, and then the need for anti-strike legislation will not exist—the employer will be able to exploit us without the aid of the power of the State. The enactment of similar legislation in other States will find organized labor in those States no more conciliatory than is Howat of Kansas.

EDW. A. WIECK.

Belleville, Illinois.

I agree with every word of this excellent letter.

FRANK HARRIS.

## A KIND LETTER.

Dear Mr. Harris:

I thought the enclosed clippings might interest you. The "Professor" surely put you in strange company when he mentions William Lyon Phelps' name with your own. The following I quote from a letter received from H. L. Mencken recently: "For Harris I have a high respect. His Wilde is a superb piece of work. All the opposition to him is grounded on the fact that he saw the dishonesty of England's statement of war aims from the start and openly denounced it. Certainly no sane man believes in it now. But the super-patriots and Anglomaniacs hate him for having exposed their folly." Mencken is good. The above about you pleased me much.

H. C. AUER, JR.

Addison Hotel, Suite 532, Detroit, Mich.

## AN EXCELLENT LETTER.

My dear Mr. Harris:

I have just read in the April Pearson's your editorial, "Prohibition and the Dope Craze," and I can testify to the truth of every statement that you make, and heartily endorse your suggestion for the remedy of this deplorable condition of affairs.

I was a chemist and druggist for 25 years before I became a lawyer and a "judge," and have had much experience with drug addicts as well as with "booze chasers." A man or a woman may use alcoholic



liquors—wines, beer, or even whiskey—every day of their lives, and never lose their self control and consciousness of the fact that they are gentlemen and ladies; but let a man or woman once taste a deadly drug and feel its influence, then they sink from depth to depth until they reach the lowest depths of human degradation, and for every one that is saved or saves himself, thousands are hopelessly lost. Once a drug fiend and all foundations of the moral and intellectual character are surely sapped away.

In past years I learned that the majority of drug addicts, especially opium, acquired the habit through the practice of the old-fashioned "saddle bags doctor" prescribing "Dover's Powders," which contain a large percentage of opium, and thence they acquired the habit of eating opium, and this at length failing to satisfy, they began the use of morphine, and I have known women of the street to lap up five grains of morphine (enough to kill four strong men) like a kitten laps up cream. Only a week ago I committed a man for ninety days who was caught buying "dope" for a woman I had known from childhood, and who was a few years ago a social leader and whose husband is my intimate friend.

Now the prohibitionists are constantly telling us that all the crime and misery of the world are the direct result of the use of alcoholic liquors. That statement would be interesting if true, but it is not true. History shows us that many of the most bloodthirsty monsters the world has ever known were noted for their abstinence and continence.

In a rare book that I have, "Scrutator," writing for the *Contemporary Review* for 1879, quotes a speech of

Bismarck, where he says, "The nation was sunk in the mire of South German immorality,"—in other words he declares the morality of North Germany was superior to the morality of South Germany. Now South Germany is Roman Catholic and wine-drinking Germany, while North Germany is the land of beer and strong liquors. Now it is a curious phenomenon that the Protestant Reformation which saved Christianity came from the drunken Germans and made its greatest progress among the whiskey-drinking countries, for instance Scotland, the Scandinavian countries, etc., and has made little progress among the wine-drinking lands of South Europe. Now whatever may be said of Italy, Spain, Portugal and France in other respects, drunkenness is not their vice, nor is there evidence to show that they were as a race ever addicted to this vice—the ruling vice of these nations being gambling.

It is not my purpose to attempt an explanation of this phenomenon, but merely to call attention to it, and I have only to add that during my thirty years' service on the bench I have tried men for every crime known to the catalogue of crimes—save treason—and never yet tried a man for a felony, such as murder, rape, robbery, burglary, etc., who was a habitual drinker and I have known some of the most notorious criminals of this section and they were very temperate in their habits. A curious fact—which as I have hinted, can be abundantly proven by historic examples.

Yours truly,

CHAS. E. CHIDSEY.

Pascagoula, Miss.

## Problems Problems Problems

### How to Solve Them

SOVIET RUSSIA is under proletarian rule.  
One-sixth of God's Earth is under guidance of  
LENIN, the greatest Marxian scholar.

## Marxism Will Rule the World

Do you want to know what Marxism is? Read  
and understand. Get the new book

### "Philosophy of Marx"

the quintessence of Marxism. Written by the  
foremost Marxian scholar of America,

## HARRY WATON

PRICE, CLOTH \$1.00, PAPER 60c.

Other Books by Henry Waton: *Fetishism of Liberty*, cloth 75c,  
paper 25c.; *Pain and Pleasure*, cloth \$1.00.

On Sale At

**MARX INSTITUTE**

134 - 1ST 7th STREET, and  
RAND SCHOOL, 7 East 15th Street.

## FRANK HARRIS LECTURES

*Every Wednesday and Sunday  
Evening at 8:30*

Frank Harris speaks on the men famous in  
art and literature that he has known. Come and  
hear Mr. Harris give intimate portraits of men  
whose names have already become legend.

## Frank Harris Studio

57 Fifth Avenue

ADMISSION \$1.00

# For 30 Days, Beginning May 1, 1921, We Shall Let You Take Your Choice of Pocket Series at 10c Per Volume

**T**HIS is, without question, our greatest book offer. It is generally agreed that our regular price of 25 cents per volume for the titles in the Appeal's Pocket Series is very inviting. During May you may take your pick at 10 cents per copy. We are doing this for a limited period—only 30 days—in order to introduce our Pocket Series to a still greater public. Our experience is simply this: The person who buys a few titles today gets the itch and doesn't quit until he or she has all of them, then he continues to write in asking up about our future publishing plans. We know that if you take advantage of this most extraordinary offer that you will become a fast friend of the Appeal's Pocket Series. And it is only by winning your friendship that that we will be able to issue the hundreds of good titles we have in mind. We have some wonderful surprises in store for you. But let's get back to this 30-day sale. To begin with, the offer positively closes at midnight of May 30, 1921. If the post-mark on your envelope shows that you mailed your order after that time we shall be forced to return your money. We cannot afford to hold this exceptional offer open longer than 30 days. Automatically, at the close of this sale, the price per volume goes back to 25 cents. This means that if you will act during May, 1921, that you will be able to get some of the finest books in the English language at only 10 cents per copy—and we pay the postage. This announcement is appearing in a number of periodicals, so we expect an enormous increase in business. Our best advice is to act at once. Don't do your book shopping too late. We are organized to send out all books the day we receive your order.

Order by Number

TAKE YOUR PICK AT 10 CENTS PER VOLUME

Order by Number

- 1—Rublayat of Omar Khayyam.
- 2—Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail.
- 3—Soviet Constitution and Land Laws.
- 4—Socialism Versus Anarchism. De Leon.
- 5—Twelve Short Stories. De Maupassant.
- 6—Great Proletarian Poems.
- 7—Debate on Religion; Between John Haynes Holmes and George Bowne.
- 8—Poe's Tales of Mystery.
- 9—Is Free Will a Fact or a Fallacy? Debate.
- 10—What Every Girl Should Know. Margaret Sanger.
- 11—Balzac's Short Stories.
- 12—Religion of Capital. By Paul La Fargue.
- 13—The Emballotted Farmers.
- 14—Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
- 15—Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For.
- 16—Let's Laugh. Nabby.
- 17—Carmen. Merimee.
- 18—Money Question. Hoffman.
- 19—An Appeal to the Young. Kropotkin.
- 20—People's Rhyming Dictionary.
- 21—On Going to Church. Bernard Shaw.
- 22—Last Days of a Condemned Man. Victor Hugo.
- 23—Toleration. Voltaire.
- 24—Dreams. Schreiner.
- 25—What Life Means to Me. Jack London.
- 26—Pillars of Society. Ibsen.
- 27—Poe's Complete Poems.
- 28—Brann: Smasher of Shams.
- 29—Case for Birth Control.
- 30—Maxims of La Rochefoucauld.
- 31—Soul of Man Under Socialism. Wilde.
- 32—Dream of John Ball. William Morris.
- 33—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson.

- 34—Did Jesus Ever Live? Debate.
- 35—House and the Brain. Bulwer-Lytton.
- 36—Christmas Carol. Dickens.
- 37—From Monkey to Man, or the Romance of Evolution.
- 38—Marriage and Divorce. Debate between Horace Greeley and Robert Owen.
- 39—Aesop's Fables.
- 40—Tolstol's Short Stories.
- 41—Salome. Wilde.
- 42—He Renounced the Faith. Jack London.
- 43—Bacon's Essays.
- 44—Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel.
- 45—Common Sense. Tom Paine.
- 46—Bruno: His Life and Martyrdom.
- 47—Voltaire. Oration by Victor Hugo.
- 48—Insects and Men; Instinct and Reason. Clar. Darrow.
- 49—Importance of Being Earnest. Oscar Wilde.
- 50—Communism Manifesto.
- 51—Wisdom of Ingersoll.
- 52—Rip Van Winkle.
- 53—Boccaccio's Stories.
- 54—Epigrams of Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness.
- 55—Emerson's Essay on Love.
- 56—Tolstol's Essays.
- 57—Schopenhauer's Essays.
- 58—Questions & Answers About Socialism.
- 59—Socialist Appeal. Quotations from Authoritative Sources.
- 60—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
- 61—Kate O'Hare's Prison Letters.
- 62—Shakespeare's Sonnets.
- 63—The Life of Debs.
- 64—Lamb's Essays.
- 65—Poe's of Evolution. Anthology.
- 66—The Color of Life. E. Hall.
- 67—Julius.
- 68—Walt Whitman's Poems.
- 69—On the Threshold of Sex. Gould.
- 70—On the Choice of Books. Thomas Carlyle.

- 71—The Prince of Peace. Bryan.
- 72—Socialism of Jesus.
- 73—To Be an Orator. John T. Altgeld.
- 74—Enoch Arden. Tennyson.
- 75—Pillars of Society. Ibsen.
- 76—Care of the Baby.
- 77—Common Faults in Writing English.
- 78—Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant.
- 79—Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun.
- 80—The Attack on the Mill. Emile Zola.
- 81—On Reading. Georg Brandes.
- 82—Love: An Essay. Montaigne.
- 83—Vindication of Tom Paine. Ingersoll.
- 84—Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius.
- 85—Public Defender; Debate.
- 86—Manhood: The Facts of Life Presented to Men.
- 87—Hypnotism Made Plain.
- 88—How to Live One Hundred Years. Cornaro.
- 89—How to Love.
- 90—Tartuffe. Moliere.
- 91—The Red Laugh. Andreyev.
- 92—Thoughts of Pascal.
- 93—Tales of Sherlock Holmes.
- 94—Pocket Theology. Voltaire.
- 95—Battle of Waterloo. Hugo.
- 96—Seven That Were Hanged. Andreyev.
- 97—Thoughts and Aphorisms. George Santayana.
- 98—How to Strengthen Mind and Memory.
- 99—How to Develop a Healthy Mind.
- 100—How to Develop a Strong Will.
- 101—How to Develop a Magnetic Personality.
- 102—How to Attract Friends and Friendship.
- 103—How to Be a Leader of Others.
- 104—Proverbs of England.
- 105—Proverbs of France.
- 106—Proverbs of Japan.
- 107—Proverbs of China.

- 108—Proverbs of Italy.
- 109—Proverbs of Russia.
- 110—Proverbs of Ireland.
- 111—Proverbs of Spain.
- 112—Proverbs of Arabia.
- 113—Debate on Spiritualism. Conan Doyle & Joseph McCabe.
- 114—Debate on Vegetarianism.
- 115—Keir Hardie's Socialist Epigrams.
- 116—History of Rome.
- 117—What Every Expectant Mother Should Know.
- 118—Julius Caesar: Who He Was and What He Accomplished.
- 119—Rome or Reason. Debate Between Ingersoll & Manning.
- 120—Controversy on Christianity. Debate between Ingersoll & Gladstone.
- 121—Redemption. Tolstol.
- 122—Foundations of Religion.
- 123—Principles of Electricity.
- 124—How to Organize Co-operation.
- 125—Socialism for Millionaires. Bernard Shaw.
- 126—Training of the Child.
- 127—Home Nursing.
- 128—Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer.
- 129—Fight for Your Life. Ben Hanford.
- 130—America's Prison Hell. Kate O'Hare.
- 131—Teachings Make for Social Progress? Debate Between Scott Nearing & Dr. Percy Ward.
- 132—Bismarck and the German Empire.
- 133—Pope Leo's Encyclical on Socialism, and Blatchford's Reply.
- 134—Was Poe Immoral? Sarah Helen Whitman.
- 135—Five Great Ghost Stories.
- 136—Snow-Bound. Whittier; Piped Piper. Browning.
- 137—Cromwell and His Times.
- 138—Strength of the Strong. Jack London.
- 139—Socialist Ginger-Box.

- 140—Socialist Pepper-Box.
- 141—Men Who Would Be King. Kipling.
- 142—Foundations of the Labor Movement. Wendell Phillips.
- 143—Socialism and How It is Coming. Upton Sinclair.
- 144—Epigrams of Ibsen.
- 145—Maxims of Napoleon.
- 146—Anderson's Fairy Tales.
- 147—Mark Versus Tolstol. Debate Between Clarence Darrow & Lewis.
- 148—Alice in Wonderland.
- 149—Lincoln and the Working Class.
- 150—Ingersoll's Lecture on William Shakespeare.
- 151—Country of the Blind. H. G. Wells.
- 152—Karl Marx and the American Civil War.
- 153—Sex Life in Greece & Rome.
- 154—Michael Angelo's Sonnets.
- 155—Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells.
- 156—English as She Is Spoken. Mark Twain.
- 157—Rules of Health. Plutarch.
- 158—Epigrams of Oscar Wilde.
- 159—Socialization of Money. Daniel De Leon.
- 160—Has a Life Any Meaning? Debate Between Frank Harris and Percy Ward.
- 161—Science of History. Froude.
- 162—Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis.
- 163—Subjection of Women. John Stuart Mill.
- 164—One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier.
- 165—Epigrams of Bernard Shaw.
- 166—Epigrams of Thoreau.
- 167—Steps Toward Socialism.
- 168—Realism in Art and Literature. Clarence Darrow.
- 169—Primitive Beliefs. H. M. Titchener.
- 170—The Humor of Whittier.
- 171—Psycho-Analysis—the Key to Human Behavior. William J. Fielding.

We have a large stock of each title in stock. We can give prompt and efficient service. The Appeal's guarantee stands behind these books—if you don't like them send them back and you will get your money refunded.

On May 30, 1921, the price goes to 25 cents per volume—the regular advertised price. Act now and you will save money. Order all of these books and you will have a wonderful library. All books neatly printed on high-grade book paper, bound in heavy cardboard. Range in size from 64 to 160 pages. Pocket size.

**SEND ALL ORDERS TO APPEAL PUB. CO., BOX 100, Girard, Kansas**



**Standard Makes**

**\$500 Down**

**Lowest Typewriter prices**

Guaranteed, fully inspected, strongly rebuilt, \$5.00 down, 6 months to pay balance. Send us your address and we will mail you at once details of the **Most Startling Offer** in typewriter values. Don't miss this genuine opportunity to secure your machine at a price you'll gladly pay.

**5 DAYS TRIAL**

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**  
Dept. 600, 177 N. State St., Chicago

**PATENTS**—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt Service. (20 years experience).

Talbert & Talbert, 4924 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## COMING—THE SIX-HOUR DAY

Booklet quoting facts and authorities. Proves that big employers must grant workers shorter day, or over-production with resulting closing of plants, unemployment, depression, discontent, crime, etc., will undermine civilization. Post-paid, with list of other book bargains, 15c.

JACK PANSY (P), 10 West 28th St., New York.

## READ ONE ISSUE AT MY EXPENSE!

A reader of PEARSON'S knows what is good and unique in letters.

### GIVE ME A CHANCE

Request a sample copy today—free or charge.

## BRUNO'S REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS

P. O. Box 1 Sta. D. New York, N. Y.

## To Collectors of Works by Oscar Wilde

The owner of a few rare works by Oscar Wilde is willing to dispose of same. Among such works are the following:

1. Original edition of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," autographed (only 250 were printed of this edition) \$350 or near offer.
2. Original edition of "A House of Pomegranates" by Oscar Wilde; \$150 or near offer.
3. Original edition of "Lady Windermere's Fan," dedicated to Robert Earl of Lytton. \$200 or near offer.
4. Original MSS. of some chapters of "Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions" by Frank Harris, together with the original typed script of "Memories of Oscar Wilde" by George Bernard Shaw. \$750.
5. Original edition of "An Ideal Husband," dedicated by Oscar Wilde to Frank Harris in the following words:

"To Frank Harris—A Slight Tribute to His Power and Distinction As an Artist; His Chivalry and Nobility As a Friend."

and with the following written inscription:

"To Frank Harris—Who Has Unlocked Shakespeare's Heart for Us; a Recognition from the Author."

and with a note in Frank Harris' handwriting at the end of a talk with Wilde after dinner in the Cafe Durand in 1899. \$500.

**SPLENDID** clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chataqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

**Big Money and Fast Sales.** Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 141, East Orange, N. J.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,** of Pearson's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, s. s.  
Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank Harris, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of Pearson's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Pearson's Magazine, Inc., 57 Fifth avenue, New York City; editor, Frank Harris, 57 Fifth avenue, New York City; managing editor, none; business manager, Frank Harris, 57 Fifth avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Pearson's Magazine, Inc., 57 Fifth avenue, New York City; Frank Harris, 57 Fifth avenue, New York City; J. A. Robertson, Murray Hill Hotel, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, no association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is not required. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1921. CHARLES E. DAVIS, Notary Public, New York County, No. 1179. New York Register No. 10175.

(My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

## HELP PEARSON'S

### BY HOME STUDY

Education means freedom; it means the ability to accomplish more. It means a better living. The educated man has the advantage in earning ability; he thinks for himself—he gets somewhere. This is distinctive of Pearson readers—they think—they read—they study. Now we can help you learn more—and you can help Pearson's by studying.

|                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Bookkeeping    | Accounting          |
| Shorthand      | Correspondence      |
| Typewriting    | Salesmanship        |
| Common English | Journalism          |
| Business Law   | Photoplay Writing   |
| Civil Service  | Short Story Writing |

If you are interested in these courses, study them and help Pearson's. Oskaloosa College, established in 1856, with thousands of students in every part of the world, has offered to Pearson's this proposition: We will give to Pearson's 25% of tuition received from Pearson readers. This is a GIFT. We will buy stock to the amount of 25%. We believe in Pearson's—in Frank Harris. Tell your friends and write for catalogue.

**DEAN**

Oskaloosa College

Oskaloosa, Iowa

## TEXAS — TEXAS — TEXAS OIL — OIL — OIL

I offer subject to prior sales ABSOLUTELY, HONEST-IN-JUN, ONLY 15,000 shares in the CENTRAL TEXAS OIL AND GAS COMPANY. Well now 1,400 feet deep. OIL SEEPAGES 31 GRAVITY WHITE OIL COME TO SURFACE FROM UNDER GROUND OIL SPRINGS IN MANY PLACES ON THE 514 ACRE LEASE OF THIS COMPANY. (DRILL NOW GOING INTO THE OIL SAND.) OIL COMES UP IN THE BALER. This lease is one of the finest surficial domes ever discovered in Texas. Passed and reported on by Mr. L. N. Shaw, one of the greatest geologists of the age. National and international, who has given the most of his life to oil development in Peru, Mexico and the South Coastal oilfields of Texas.

It is drilling this well. (THE COMPANY IS FINANCIALLY SOUND.) They can go as far as they wish on the money end.

I WANT IT STRICTLY UNDERSTOOD—IF YOU TAKE SHARES YOU ARE GAMBLING WITH US ON A SQUARE DEAL WITH 100 CHANCES IN YOUR FAVOR TO MAKE A WHOLE LOT OF MONEY.

I, MYSELF, INCORPORATED THIS COMPANY AND KNOW ITS STANDING. I am also a director. These are not company shares. The Dear Public will have no chance at only this amount.

You are offered these shares at 10 cents each. Mail your check to me right now. (YOU WILL GET A SQUARE DEAL.) This will be many times over-subscribed. I reserve the right to return checks. THE DRILL IS GOING DOWN RIGHT NOW AND ANY DROP OF IT MAY MAKE THIS LEASE WORTH \$50,000,000 or more. EACH 24 HOURS IS HISTORY IN THE TEXAS OILFIELDS.

**George W. Magwood**

# BOOKS BY UPTON SINCLAIR

## The Brass Check

### A STUDY OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM

#### Who owns the press and why?

When you read your daily paper, are you reading facts or propaganda? And whose propaganda?

Who furnishes the raw material for your thoughts about life? Is it honest material?

No man can ask more important questions than these; and here for the first time the questions are answered in a book.

The first edition of this book, 23,000 copies, was sold out two weeks after publication. Paper could not be obtained for printing, and a carload of brown wrapping paper was used. The printings to date amount to 144,000 copies. The book is being published in Great Britain and colonies, and in translations in Germany, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Hungary and Japan.

100%

### A STORY OF A PATRIOT

Would you like to go behind the scenes and see the "invisible government" of your country saving you from the Bolsheviks and the Reds? Would you like to meet the secret agents and provocateurs of "Big Business," to know what they look like, how they talk and what they are doing to make the world safe for democracy? Several of these gentlemen have been haunting the home of Upton Sinclair during the past three years and he has had the idea of turning the tables and investigating the investigators. He has put one of them, Peter Gudge by name, into a book, together with Peter's ladyloves, and his wife, and his boss, and a whole group of his fellow-agents and their employers.

Peter Gudge is a red-blooded, 100% American, a "he-man" and no mollycoddle. He begins with the Mooney case, and goes through half a dozen big cases of which you have heard. His story is a fact-story of America from 1916 to 1920.

## The Jungle

This novel, first published in 1906, caused an international sensation. It was the best selling book in the United States for a year; also in Great Britain and its colonies. It was translated into seventeen languages, and caused an investigation by President Roosevelt, and action by Congress. The book has been out of print for ten years, and is now reprinted by the author, at a lower price than when first published, although the cost of manufacture has since more than doubled.

It is generally stated that the packing houses have been cleaned up since "The Jungle" days; but this belief is packing-house propaganda. The author has told in "The Brass Check" how the New York "Herald" conducted an independent investigation, and found conditions worse than ever. This report was suppressed, and has never been published in any American newspaper. As for the conditions of the workers, neither the packers nor the government considered it necessary to make even a pretense that anything had been changed. The author of "The Jungle" wrote: "I aimed at the public's heart and by accident I hit it in the stomach." In this new

edition of "The Jungle" he aims once more at the public's heart.

"Not since Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous has there been such an example of world-wide celebrity won in a day by a book as has come to Upton Sinclair."—New York Evening World.

"It is a book that does for modern industrial slavery what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for black slavery. But the work is done far better and more accurately in 'The Jungle' than in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'."—Arthur Brisbane in the New York Evening Journal.

### THE PROFITS OF RELIGION:

A Study of Supernaturalism as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege. The first investigation of this subject ever made in any language.

"You have put a lot of work into it and you have marshaled your facts in masterly fashion."—William Marion Reedy.

### KING COAL:

A Novel of the Colorado coal country.

"Clear, convincing, complete."—Lincoln Steffens.

"I wish that every word of it could be burned deep into the heart of every American."—Adolph Germer. Prices of "The Profits of Religion" and "King Coal" the same as for "The Brass Check."

### JIMMIE HIGGINS:

A picture of the American working-class movement during the four years of world-war; all wings of the movement, all the various tendencies and clashing impulses are portrayed. Cloth only, \$1.20.

"I have just finished reading the first installment of 'Jimmie Higgins' and I am delighted with it. It is the beginning of a great story, a story that will be translated into many languages, and read by eager and interested millions all over the world. I feel that your art will lend itself readily to 'Jimmie Higgins,' and that you will be at your best in placing this dear little comrade where he belongs in the Socialist movement."—Eugene V. Debs.

### PRICES OF ALL THE ABOVE BOOKS:

Single copy, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 40c per copy; 100 copies at 38c; 500 copies at 36c; 1,000 copies at 35c. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 80c per copy; 100 copies at 76c; 500 copies at 72c; 1,000 copies at 70c.

### THE CRY FOR JUSTICE:

An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest, with an Introduction by Jack London, who calls it "this humanist Holy-book." Thirty-two illustrations, 891 pages. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.

"It should rank with the very noblest works of all time. You could scarcely have improved on its contents—it is remarkable in variety and scope. Buoyant, but never blatant, powerful and passionate, it has the spirit of a challenge and a battle cry."—Louis Untermeyer.

"You have marvelously covered the whole ground. The result is a book that radicals of every shade have long been waiting for. You have made one that every student of the world's thought—economic, philosophic, artistic—has to have."—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Published by the Author

Pasadena, California

New York Office: 3 East 14th Street

Chicago Agency: Economy Book Co., 33 S. Clark St.



# BOOKS BY FRANK HARRIS

I think more of Frank Harris and expect greater things of Frank Harris than of any man I have met since Emerson.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

## BOUND IN CLOTH

### 1.—OSCAR WILDE, HIS LIFE AND HIS CONFESSIONS, (Two Volumes) .....\$5.00

"It is the best life I have read. . . . Wilde's memory will have to stand or fall by it."—George Bernard Shaw.  
"My feeling was that this book was much more than a sincere and intelligent interpretation of the man . . . more than mere biography . . ."—Theodore Dreiser. Robert Ross, Oscar Wilde's friend and literary executor, has said that this book is the "classic biography of Oscar Wilde."  
"Harris is terribly frank; a personality as hypnotic as Oscar Wilde."—William Marion Reedy.

### 2.—ELDER CONKLIN.....\$2.50

A volume of American short stories astonishingly faithful to Western life of forty years ago.

### 3.—CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS (Second Series).....\$3.50

Animated pen portraits of Arthur Balfour, Lloyd George, George Bernard Shaw, George Moore, Rudyard Kipling, Dowson, Clemenceau and others who have sprung into the limelight during the world war and whom Mr. Harris knew intimately for the past thirty years. Shaw disliked his portrait, therefore has written one on himself, screamingly funny.

### 4.—THE BOMB.....\$2.50

"The Bomb" is the story of the Chicago Anarchists of 1886, with photos of the chief actors and the police account of Lingg. I must not conceal my opinion that 'The Bomb' is the best piece of realistic fiction yet written, even compared with Tolstoi's 'Ivan Ilyitch' it is of a shining distinction."—Arnold Bennett.

**These four works are listed at \$13.50. For \$10.00 we will send you the entire set.**

MAIL THIS COUPON :

PEARSON'S BOOK SHOP,  
57 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

Enclosed find \$10.00, for which send me Oscar Wilde, Elder Conklin, Contemporary Portraits and The Bomb.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City or Town.....  
State .....

## SPECIAL \$2.00 RATE EXTENDED TO JUNE 1st

### Send Your Subscription Today

Dear Reader:

We are now beginning to recover from our troubles.

Our stockholders have rallied to the support of this magazine in splendid fashion, although we have been forced to call upon them again and again in the past.

Our great aim now is to boost circulation and advertising.

What will you, our readers, do? Will you send at once Two Dollars for a year's subscription? If you are already a subscriber, will you send in your renewal now, to take effect when your present subscription expires?

Give us one more boost: if it is a good one, we shall not need another.

Realize it! There is not another magazine like Pearson's in all America.

George Bernard Shaw wrote only the other day to Frank Harris: "I read Pearson's, which is proof that you edit it." If Shaw finds something worth while in Pearson's, surely you cannot afford to be without it at Two Dollars the year.

Your Two Dollars and all the other Two Dollars means our victory. And our victory is your victory because Pearson's is still fighting for you the fight it has fought for years.

Put your Two Dollars in an envelope this minute.

We thank you,

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY !**

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE,  
57 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City:

Enclosed find \$2.00, for which send me Pearson's for one year. (If renewal, mark X in square [    ] ).

Name..... Street.....  
City..... State.....



## \$6,000,000 BOND ISSUE

# THE STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA

*offers these Bonds directly to the American people*

EXEMPT FROM ALL TAXES INCLUDING FEDERAL INCOME TAX

To Yield  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ ,  $5\frac{3}{4}\%$  and  $6\%$

Issued in Denominations of \$1,000, \$500, \$100

The Interest of the Bank Bonds is 5 Per Cent.; That of Real Estate  $5\frac{3}{4}$  Per Cent.;  
And That of Mill and Elevator 6 Per Cent.—Interest Payable January 1 and July 1.

**These Bonds are secured by the faith and credit of the State of North Dakota, backed by taxable property assessed at \$1,600,000,000.00**

The banking interests have refused to handle or to sell the bonds of the sovereign State of North Dakota.

They base their refusal on no question of security or validity.

They have admitted that in point of safety and interest yield, North Dakota bonds are second to no other State bonds that have been floated. (The total outstanding debt of the State of North Dakota—\$340,000—is unique as the lowest indebtedness of any State in the Union.)

The reason the banking interests have refused to sell the North Dakota bond issue is that they are hostile to the public ownership policies of the people of North Dakota. These policies, which include State ownership of a flour mill, a bank, and a grain elevator, together with a program of home building and State insurance, do not, as a matter of fact, constitute an extremely radical program. Other States have State-owned enterprises.

The North Dakota program of serving the people has

merely been somewhat more comprehensive — and more successful — than that of any of her sister States. Knowing this, the great banking and public utility interests who feel their domain invaded or threatened by the success of what they like to term the North Dakota "experiment," have determined to make a final effort to ruin if it is possible. Hence, their boycott of the North Dakota bond issue.

The State of North Dakota therefore appeals directly to that higher authority—the American people.

The North Dakota bond issue affords them an opportunity to subscribe to a gilt-edged, totally tax-exempt security, at least the equal of any other State bond issue in the United States, easily excelling most of them and far ahead of the countless municipal, county, public utility, and private corporation issues floated every day by the banking interests.

This issue is backed by the entire faith and resources of a sovereign State of our Union.

Fill out the coupon below (or similar one) and mail with cheque, draft or money order to Spurgeon Odell, Special Representative, Bank of North Dakota, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

### BANK OF NORTH DAKOTA

SPURGEON ODELL, Special Representative, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Enclosed find \$..... 

|             |                               |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| Cheque      | } Cross out ones<br>not used. |
| Draft       |                               |
| Money Order |                               |

for which please send me Bonds of the State of North Dakota as follows:

..... \$100 Denominations  
..... \$500 Denominations  
..... \$1,000 Denominations  
(Cross out ones not wanted)

The right is reserved to reject any applications for the above bonds and also to award a smaller amount than applied for.  
NOTE.—All payments must be made by cheque, draft or money order to The Bank of North Dakota. No representative of the Bank or other person is authorized to accept payment for bonds in any other form than cheques, drafts or money orders payable to The Bank of North Dakota, at Bismarck, North Dakota.

Name .....

Address .....

(Write Legibly.)